

DISCORDER

M A G A Z I N E

that swaggy mag from CiTR 101.9 FM
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cover photo of KERS by Isa You

DISCORDER

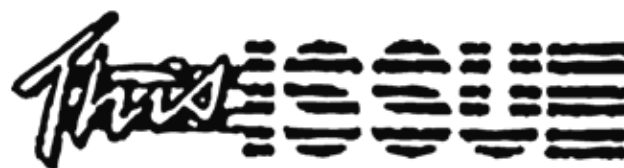
m a g a z i n e

IT IS TRUE THAT NOTHING LOOKS LIKE THE PAST so much as the things that were supposed to look like the future. Our moon-eyed moments of optimism so often feel permissible to lose yourself in; the *Star Trek: TNG* set, Frutiger Aero, Kraftwerk, Legacy Russell's *Glitch Feminism*. Early expressions of "the future" were laced with a techno-optimism untouched by AI-loving psychopaths, one that entertained possibility while remaining uneasy about probability. When art looks forward, it rarely attempts substantiated prediction; instead, it constructs a fictional place shaped by hope and warning in tandem. But even for the speculative, hopeful, or simply forward-thinking, an imagined future will always resemble the past because it can't help but be tethered to the conditions of its present — revealing less about what will happen than about what feels urgent and unresolved.

Fifty years ago, Vancouver performance artist Vincent Trasov ran for mayor in the 1974 civic election dressed as Mr. Peanut — a performance piece conceived with sculptor John Mitchell, both of whom were behind The Western Front Society. Under the 'Peanut Party' banner, with a baby budget, a band, and backup dancers called the Peanettes — Trasov's silent, tap-dancing candidate appeared across the city on a platform of "Performance, Elegance, Art, Nonsense, Uniqueness, and Talent." By the power of tap dance and dissent, the campaign highlighted who gets taken seriously in public life and why. What made the Mr. Peanut campaign interesting is not just the joke — it's the attitude it captured. Vancouver was a very young city grappling with urban renewal, distrust of establishment power, punk and art and *blewointment press* at its fringes. *Mr. Peanut for Mayor* "indicated the groundswell of resentment which ordinary people are feeling against manipulative politics which deny human rights" wrote *The Province*. Funny how the people of '20s Vancouver have instead chosen to elect a peanut-brain mayor under similar circumstances.

Even when we try to imagine the future, it stubbornly smells like the present. If only we could get to a place after ourselves, we think, we could shake free of the things that obligate us, that make us small and discordant and harsh. But that's extremely not the spirit. Rubbernecking forward and backward is what keeps people writing thinkpieces about The End Of Culture, and we have a solution to that. I used to think *Discorder* was a magazine about discovery, but discovery is not a prescient issue in our online enclosures. *Discorder* is best as a magazine about perspectives, about how to see what is right in front of you through someone else's eyes. Your online diet is a meal specifically designed to pull you out of place — it compiles past/present/location as if those aren't important indicators in what gives life its shape and weight. So I will offer this pie on the window sill: We have Oisín Gunning's profile on *Tapeworm Corp.*, a post-Mr. Peanut, if you will, where meaning emerges through the reactions of the city itself; or Anna Pontin's review of Abbas Akhavan at Belkin Gallery, which suspends time and freezes life in intricate tableaux; or Jeffrey Liu's *1000xResist and the Immortality of Memory*, about a game which asks the player to bear the weight how the past persists within the present. We also have the sweatiest, longest UNDER REVIEW section in history. These nine pages of local record reviews prove meaning is always provisional, constructed in the din between creator, observer, place and time.

ur guy with crossed arms at the back of the venue,
~T



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You may also direct comments, complaints and corrections via email.

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PLAY STUPID GAMES, GET STUPID PRIZES

or some contributor bios of February - March 2026

GABRIEL BELL

Gabriel (he/him) is a history student from SoCal with a near-flawless record of listening to one new album every day for the last three years. Some of his favorite albums are Kendrick Lamar's *Mr. Morale and the Big Steppers*, Mulatu Astatke's *To Know Without Knowing*, and Jordi Savall's *Llibre Vermell de Montserrat*. Rumor has it his TikTok / Substack (@GabeCopperhand on both) are pretty great too, but who's to say...

MICHAEL YAP

I co-lead the Archives Collective with my cousin. This is not a case of nepotism, I promise. I'm currently re-listening to a lot of Sheena Ringo, Allman Brothers and King Gnu. Tune into CiTRChives!

ALICIA L'ARCHEVÊQUE

Alicia L'Archevêque is a sucker for writing short fiction/screenplays (until she hunts and gathers enough patience for longer forms). She dabbles in varsity swimming and dives headfirst into dancing to live music & writing Substack newsletters. She is so very happy to be here :)

JEFF LEE

My name is Jeff Lee, and I'm a radio host at CiTR and *Discorder Magazine*, where I host a show called *LEEnin' with Jeff*. The show explores topics related to arts, culture, human interest stories, and community voices. I'm also a news reporter for *The Ubysey* and a graduate student at the UBC School of Journalism. Storytelling is at the heart of everything I do—I'm passionate about uncovering diverse perspectives, exploring the creative process, and highlighting the people and ideas that shape our world. In my free time, you'll find me watching rom-coms, catching live theatre productions, spending time with my family, or enjoying a good cheeseburger.

ZOË CLEMENTINE GELLER-ALFORD

Hello! Tall musical lady known for dancing in public and hugging a lot! Thank you for being here! I love you!

ISA YOU

Isa is a second-generation Chinese Canadian settler living on the traditional, ancestral, and unceded territories of the Musqueam, Squamish, and Tsleil-Waututh First Nations. She takes photos and writes occasionally.

SOPHY

(bluerocketship.png) currently napping, reading, knitting.

MADY BONIFACE

A UBC student who loves TV, movies, music and art. They are very passionate about social justice and media. They also love fish.

ELITA MENEZES

Elita Menezes (she/her) is a student in the Faculty of Arts at UBC. She writes in various

forms with a particular interest in screen-writing and fiction. When she's not working on a piece, you can find her watching cringey television or speed-reading a book she had to finish for class last week.

ANA BANDARI

Ana Bandari is a 4th year Electrical Engineering student from North Vancouver. Hiking across the North Shore balances out the solder fumes she inhales on the regular. On the off chance Ana's not staring at a screen or touching grass, she can be found passionately writing reviews on online web forums to be tucked away in an datacenter and never to be seen.

JAM MEDENILLA

Jam is a Filipino-Canadian writer based in Vancouver with a love for music, and cursed with lower back pain. She's most inspired by all things human. Culture, art, and people doing stupid things. Her work is a vast array of sporadic brain dumps and analyses of life. Jam enjoys dipping her toes in different writing genres and formats ---- ranging from song lyrics, blogposts, to notes app declarations of love. You can find more of her work on the Substack publication "All My Split Ends."

SELENA SALLAY

Selena Sallay is a music enthusiast raised in Vancouver B.C. and currently has several published works for Ubysey's Humour section. In her spare time, she remains inspired by listening to new music, or attending various concerts as she is amazed by the live music scene.

ALICIA L'ARCHEVÊQUE

Alicia is *Discorder's* student executive with an epic reverence for the community in & around thea mag. She loves arts & culture journalism, screenwriting, radio programming and dancing to live music. Lots of other stuff too. She's consistently stoked to be here :)

ANNA PONTIN

Anna likes moths & weird trees.

MIKA KAO

Just a silly gal who enjoys snapping photos and being a music freak!

MIA MCSKIMMINGS

arts student, vampire movie enthusiast, knitter, music head, politics nerd. find me in a corner of the internet if you want @ bl00dydoll_

EMILE ROBINSON

Seattle, WA

MAYA CRUZ LOPEZ HECKL

I love finding different ways to express what I'm feeling and what's on my mind. I love telling stories, orange juice, dancing, dressing up, storms, upstairs coffee shops, the feeling of sunshine on my back, keeping a journal, and appreciating weird and beautiful things.

ELODIE VAUDANDAINE

Elodie (she/her) is a 4th year Philosophy major in the UBC-Sciences Po Dual Degree program. She is programming executive at CiTR and covers film and music for *Discorder*.

CAROLINA DE LA ROCQUE

Carolina de La Rocque is an undergraduate Media Studies student, aspiring journalist and proud Brazilian. She has experience producing multiple forms of media, such as films, written content, social media publications and podcasts. She created and edited her school's newspaper and has experience writing reviews, interviews and news reports.

JESS LEE

Jess Lee is an undergraduate student at the University of British Columbia, majoring in English Literature and Creative Writing. A passionate poet, Lee channels his love for language and storytelling into his creative work, crafting poetry that delves into themes of identity, emotion, and cultural expression. Lee is also the host of "Jess' Lit," a literature/music radio show for CiTR. On the show, he explores the nature between written and musical art forms, highlights emerging and established creative works, and engages with comforting conversations about the transformative power of storytelling and sound.





KERS

words by Alicia L'Archevêque / illustrations by Hilda Aliu / photos by Isa You

On January 25th, 2026 Alex Honnold scaled the tallest building in Taiwan. The record breaking free-solo was completed without any ropes or safety gear, all the while millions watched in suspense on Netflix's live feed.

Unbeknownst to major streaming platforms, KERS and I got up to something similar the *very next day*.

Kerry Hickli (to a concerned passerby): Don't worry, my friends live here!

Kerry drags a large gas canister on the alley's gravel and steps onto its wobbly rim to hoist herself onto a low hanging roof. I followed suit, climbing atop her former apartment, where most of her music was written, relationships with bandmates were built and tearful hours of jamming were spent. It was safe and there was no bird poop.

KERS' discography is full of swelling instrumentals, soft isolated vocals and intentional pauses before crashing choruses — the latter are especially poignant to see live. Her ballads are tender, emotionally rich and full of stripped back, honest lyricism. KERS' art drinks from an intimate, solitary starting point that she dubs 'flow state.'

KH: I like to call it intimacy with the instrument. You're becoming one, and you're not thinking about anything else. Sometimes I forget to pee and stuff... I would say that's what flow state feels like to me. Just getting lost in something.

What's your first step when writing and composing?

KH: I'll go into that flow state for a couple hours playing piano. I'll sing random notes or lyrics as they come to me, and I know it's a good song when I start crying as I'm writing.

Really??

KH: Sometimes when I start crying while writing, I just keep those songs for me.

How many tears are too many tears to share?

KH: 70.

How do you turn flow state into studio recording?

KH: I'll bring it into Logic, and start adding instruments — usually just MIDI drums, but recently I've been playing actual guitar on it. I'll make a little demo and bring it to the band, and it always sounds SOOO much better when it's played by actual instruments. My first EP was all done by myself, and now that I

play with other people, I can't go back. I'm craving more collaboration these days.

Having played with bands in the past, how are you now finding KERS as a solo project?

KH: I have a love/hate relationship with it to be honest. As much as it feels good to write my own music, and have people come together and create it into what I hear in my head, I don't really like having the spotlight on me.

What?! But you do so well in it!

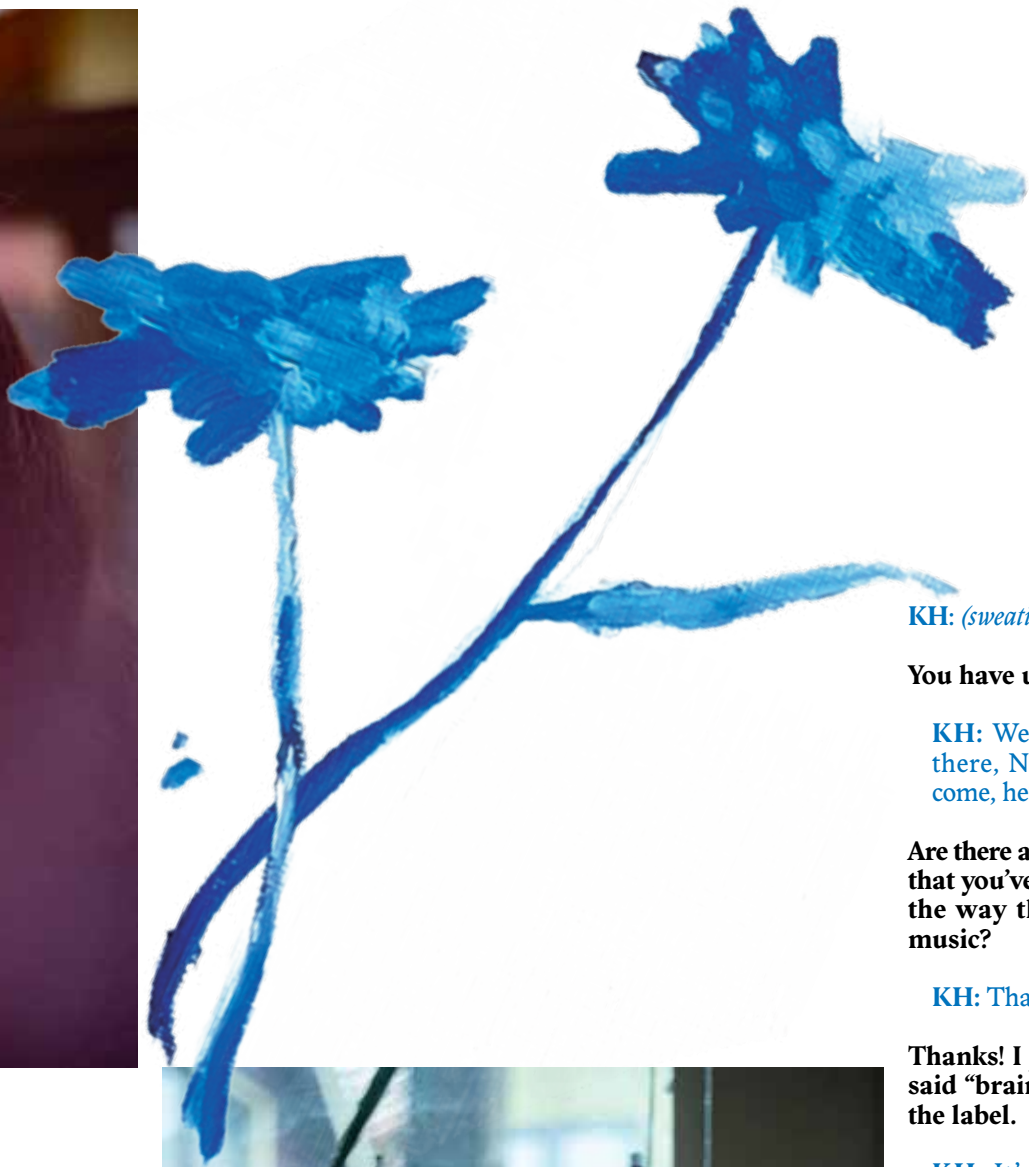
KH: Some freaking *dog* comes out of me when I'm performing... I usually leave a performance thinking "Huh! Was I being a little bit embarrassing?"

She was not being embarrassing. During her performance at this year's Shindig finale, Kerry enchanted me a little extra by the way she moved on her piano stool. On the end of a particularly purging note, she'd gracefully slump over her keyboard, her long hair sprawled and spilling over the ledge of the instrument.

Do you often find yourself moving with the way the song progresses?

KH: I think when you're playing piano, you're kind of confined to being stationary, right? So there's so much energy that's building up in my body. If I had a guitar,





KH: (sweating) Alice Phoebe Lou.

You have unlimited spots.

KH: We could throw some Mitski in there, Nina Simone. Renny Conti can come, he's invited.

Are there any instruments or technologies that you've learned or used that changed the way that you think about making music?

KH: That's a really good question.

Thanks! I just had an energy drink that said "brain performance cognitives" on the label.

KH: It's showing. Honestly, using a DAW in general changed the way that I write songs. Sometimes when I get stuck one minute into a song that I'm really enjoying, I put it into logic, add instruments, and suddenly it unlocks this new way of thinking about the song, and I understand the picture way better.

My recording of the final song in KERS' Shindig set brings itself to a close with Kerry's humble, tinkling "thank you!". The sound bite fades out with a choir of soft, hand-over-heart "wow..."s orbiting my recorder. In other words, she was a crowd favourite.

What was the thought behind applying to Shindig this year?

KH: I always like to challenge myself by applying to things that I don't think that I can get into. It helps me with my imposter syndrome if I get accepted into something, I'm like, Wow, maybe I am a musician! Obviously, winning would have been awesome, and it was! I didn't expect it! Getting into Shindig was such a hug from the universe, like, "You got this! Keep going!"

What's a compliment that someone could give you about your music that would make you think, "they GET it"?

KH: When people tell me that they listened to a song and it brought up some sort of experience for them — that's what I want to do with my music. The highest compliment is somebody telling me *what* it stirred. And even higher than that, if somebody cries... YES!!! I feel really seen when that happens. Oh man, we're just out here being sensitive little babies — you and me both!

If they cry exactly 70 tears?

KH: No more, no less. ©

I'd probably be running around the stage or something, but since I'm seated that's kind of the way that my body chooses to express itself, to let out the pent up energy created in that moment.

The bandcamp description of KERS' discography reads: "Music for when ur blue but u have accepted it."

KH: I feel like it's this general state of melancholy that's followed me my whole life. I used to fight it a lot, and try to listen to happy music to like, get out of it. But now I'm just like, you know what? There's just maybe a sadness to me, and that's fine. I think a lot of people probably feel like that. It's a scary world, and sometimes you're just kind of melancholic.

Unnamed and highly trained internal agents reached out to my people with classified, juicy, juicy information. Kerry attended a karaoke staff party the night prior, where she performed a stellar rendition of Blink 182.

What song of yours is the most karaoke-able?

KH: (after much deliberation) "sweet tea"...? It's a little bit funner than the rest. It's a little bit sexy, it's a little bit playful. Compared to all the other ones.

On-the-record answer: Stay tuned. Following this discussion, KERS will forsake the ballads and hop on making a song that is specifically and indubitably karaoke-able.

On February 6, KERS released the 5-track album come on let go a few weeks after dropping "mind games" as a single.

Do you have a favourite on the new album?

KH: I am most excited about "life lines." Cam Blake did some cool guitar stuff in

it, and the production is just really nice. Oooh...actually, all of them! "Wednesday" has Jackson Bell on saxophone and it kind of gives a cop vibe — NOT IN A REAL WAY NOT IN A REAL WAY — in like a 2000s shitty, cop drama way.

In her radio interview with Art Beat, Kerry admitted to having very recently picked up the flute. You wouldn't have guessed. It was such a beautiful addition to her set.



KH: I'll get this idea in my mind where I'm, like, this needs a flute. I just have this terrible addiction to Long & McQuade and renting stuff. I could just become good at an instrument, right? If I just rent it. Right?

Dream bill to play on, dead or alive?

KH: Broadcast, King Krule... These types of questions are the most stumping, I feel like everything rides on my answer.

Just make sure it represents you perfectly.



Often Wrong are on an absolute tear right now. Coming off the Shindig finale, playing gigs all across Vancouver and releasing their EP, The Figs Are Starting To Rot, the band has already begun work on a full-length album and has a plethora of shows lined up. Their music feels so energetic and bursts at the seams with a rawness and authenticity you rarely see from such young acts. So I wanted to know how the band has achieved so much so fast, and where they plan on going from here.

Michael: You've recently released *'The Figs are Starting to Rot.'* What was the recording process like, because you did a great job of capturing how frenetic you are live.

Oscar: Recording the album was at my house, in my basement with my dad. He has a small setup so it's all DIY, live recorded. Unwound was a big influence for that. We did like five takes of each song and the recording process didn't take long.

We just played at the same time and overdubbed vocals afterwards. I think there's something [special] about this style of live recording with this genre. Even if there is some bleed, like guitar bleed into the snare mic or some bass bleed into the drum mic, it just makes it more interesting. It really captures, like you're saying, the franticness of the music and energy. That's what DIY is.

What's your favorite to play live?

Oscar: For me? Probably "Marlboro Red."

Jake: I was gonna say "Marlboro Red" too. I like that because I get to scream on it, it's fun.

It's not released yet right?

Oscar: It's not. We're recording our album in two weeks though.

Jake: As far as the EP goes, regarding our latest show, we only played "Your Tailor." The other three were cut out of the set.

Oscar: Yeah, we've been writing a lot recently. So just in the interest of time, we only played one song on the EP on the last show. What about you [Spencer]?

Yeah, 'cause you're going crazy on the drums.

Spencer: I think the more I play, the less nervous I am. It's kind of a weird catharsis. The songs where I don't have to think the most are probably "Your Shame" or "A Better Mess" because they sound similar. It's fun to play, especially when we do the noise outro.

What does the songwriting process look like?

Oscar: A lot of the time I write the songs late at night, because I'm just like, #emo like that. [Since] me and Jake live together, I might start formulating an idea, and be like, 'Yo, is this cool? Do you mess with this?' Then, I bring it to Jake and Spencer and it automatically changes. There have been very few songs that I'll write and it [stays] exactly the same. We all make subtle changes that improve the songs. Like, a new song that's coming out on the new album, Spencer cooked on the ending, making it better.

I want to ask about that album, what's that going to look like? Stylistically and technically, what kind of progression can we expect? What are the influences going into it?

Oscar: So the sound is more refined, ironing out our sound as a screamo band.

Spencer: I approach it like pacific northwest Modest Mouse, Slint, and Built to Spill.

Oscar: Yeah. Slint for sure, Lazarus Plot, Train Breaks Down, Unwound. There's a lot in each song that is influenced by its own thing. But I'm happy that we are ironing out our own sound and not every song sounds the same as the ones I wrote in June. Some of them [are as new as] like last week. I'm really excited to record.

Jake: Not to glaze Oscar too much, but I feel with each song he comes to us with, he does something new and it becomes more intricate and refined.

Spencer: The way Oscar processes music is so quick, and he'll come up with something he's inspired by in like a day. Its like with On the Might of Princes, Oscar recently started listening to them and writing stuff akin to it a few days later. I'm not even joking. This guy works like a horse.

Oscar: I'll ask that the interview isn't written like a fucking Oscar glaze fest.

Spencer: I'm serious! It's a thing I've been thinking about. I was like, I have to talk about how Oscar digests things.

WORDS BY

MICHAEL YAP /

ILLUSTRATION BY

EMILE ROBINSON /

PHOTOS BY MIKA KAO

So you're coming off being finalists at Shindig, CiTR's battle of the bands, what was the experience like for you guys? Also how's it been playing all these shows recently, because you guys stay pretty busy.

Oscar: Yeah, March is really busy. But Shindig was really good. Oh my gosh, was Shindig our second show?

Jake: I think it was as this formation of the band.

Oscar: Yeah, that was our second show. We started practicing in mid-October, yeah.

Jake: Our first show was so chopped too. Oh my god.

Oscar: Our first show was really chopped. It was at *Take Your Time Back*, like November 6, it was for the *Slipping Under* release show. I wanted to play a show before *Shindig* because I knew the first show would be chopped because we had literally only played for two or three weeks.

Spencer: That was a very interesting time, that I felt was more important than *Shindig*. It's weird to say but we could actually hear each other for the first time — in a jam space it's completely different. I played a lot busier [then] and when I listened back to the footage, I was like, 'wow, this actually doesn't sound great.' It felt like I was just freestyling [instead] of accommodating for the song. That show was really formative and I think we all grew because so many wrong things happened.

Oscar: Also, Jake's tuner was accidentally sharp.

Jake: Yeah! For whatever reason, when you purchase a Boss tuning pedal, the default is a half step down and it doesn't tell you that. So you'll tune to E, but it'll actually bring you to D sharp and I didn't know this. We figured that out, maybe a day or two before *Shindig*.

Spencer: Oscar's string broke too.

Oscar: Oh, yeah. I had to use somebody else's guitar with a floating bridge, a Led Zeppelin type guitar. It was like, just dumb. It didn't work.

Spencer: Everything didn't work.

Oscar: But the point is, I was really happy that all of us locked in. The first show



that we played, night one of *Shindig*, was so much better. We improved a lot but I didn't think we were gonna get to the finals because there were just so many good bands competing. Me and Jake were talking about it when we first got in. We were like, 'We're definitely not gonna win. But band goal: get into the finals. That'd be so freaking awesome.'

How do you feel you've progressed as a live band since *Shindig*?

Jake: I feel we're getting tighter [with] every show. The show we did on Saturday is definitely the one I felt the most proud of. There are always going to be mistakes in a live setting, Oscar's pedal broke... But other than that, I thought we sounded really tight. Probably one of the tightest bands I've been a part of.

Oscar: Also Jake and Spencer play in a skramz band called Taking Tiger Mountain.

You guys played two sets in one night?

Oscar: Yeah, it's happened a couple times.

Spencer: We did that for *Take Your Time* in December. No conflict of interest here.

Oscar: No, no conflict of interest at all, and it's super cool because Jake and Spencer just get even more chemistry. Honestly, it benefits both bands that you get more chemistry.

Are you [Oscar] in any other bands as well?

Oscar: I'm in a band called Gnawing.

Spencer: It's very good. Very, very tight.

Jake: So good. They had their second show on Saturday as well. Do you know Filigree Silver God? They're a Skramz band and their guitar player, Matt, is maybe the greatest guitar player in the scene. But after watching the Gnawing set, even he was like, 'I don't think I've ever seen a better interplay of two guitars.'

Spencer: I was absolutely floored.

Oscar: Okay the glaze can stop. I don't pay you for this, bro. Yeah, our show on Saturday was one of my favorites, with Gnawing, Filigree Silver God, and Hillsboro. And it was at *Green Auto*, which is the go-to venue.

How do you guys approach a live show? Especially for you Oscar, with what you put your voice through.

Oscar: Yeah, I should probably take singing lessons so I don't fry my voice by like 25. But I don't know, I just need to have a drink or two to loosen up.

Spencer: Simple carbs. Simple carbs. Yeah, [the approach is] from trial and error. On Saturday, we had a gnarly chicken. Was it from Downlow Chicken?

Jake: I take the blame for that. That's my fault. I suggested it.

Spencer: It was like what not to do. Just too much protein. It was so bad, and that's why we played a lot more energetically. Genuinely, the more you show off and have gusto, the less you think about what's happening in your inner mechanism. So I'm trying to get to that stage. I don't know about Jake. Jake's a masochist. But, really I just look at it [like] a workout. Because — unlike Oscar or Jake, where if they make a mistake, that's a cool little noise thing, and we're a noise rock band. If I make a mistake, everyone will know I messed up.

Oscar: I just need to eat before. If you're hungry and playing, it sucks. Because I'm running around and screaming and jumping and sweating.

Mentally, do you feel like your style of music helps with nerves?

Oscar: I think so. I'm always much more anxious before. Then I play a song and I'm fine. It's always more anxious before it begins, then once you start it's fine.

Spencer: It doesn't get easier, you just get used to it.

You recently released the music video for 'Your Tailor' and I just loved the way it was edited. I wanted to get your thoughts on it and how it was making it?



Spencer: So Julian Aubin — who's actually only in Grade 11 — reached out to us for it. We had almost zero involvement. He basically did [it] for his media class.

Jake: Spencer does a lot of booking at *Take Your Time Back* and Julian's a volunteer there.

Spencer: He did sound for one of our shows and happened to be a huge fan. He told me he was gonna try and animate the 'sewed me up' part. That was all him, and I was pleasantly surprised.

Oscar: I thought he was gonna use it for like a video essay. I didn't know he was making a music video.

Was all the footage taken by him too?

Oscar: Yeah. For a Grade 11 that's crazy. Not what I was expecting at all.

So what's next for the band?

Jake: *CiTR Screamo Fest! CiTR Screamo Fest!*

Oscar: *CiTR Screamo Fest*, March 20. Yeah, February 20, Green Auto, that's our next show. And then March 20, CiTR with Taking Tiger Mountain. That'll be really cool. We're also playing The Pearl on February 28. Which is so weird. It's so surreal. It's just like, what the hell? ©

Lorem Ipsum

a conversation with Asher Penn

words by Inès Allegra
 illustrations by Jules Francisco
 photos courtesy of Asher Penn

Spending my last dollars on art books that one cannot read, shelf to shelf and back again. My North Star bookstore, *Printed Matter* — Polaris pilgrimage, suitcase of fresh periodicals and magazines, eight calendar notifications for the Emily Carr *READ Books*’book sale. The phenotypical idea of a physical media user should be in insolvency, but here we are dancing with the marionnetted corpse of print culture. Feeling my sweat dry at Red Gate thinking how everyone here is not singular, has a world that exists here in this room, yet online everywhere too, a type of cyber-sondering that is at once interesting and extremely boring. When I talk about the phrasings of the Vancouver scene I often find artists describe their relationship to the city as tangential, illiquid, an accident, there has long been allegiance to the internet. In the autumnal dirge of October I cold DM Asher Penn on Instagram. “I am deathly interested in people who are from Vancouver. Our recent pitch list has five gallery openings and I read them all, and thought I’d much rather hear from a person these days, so I am messaging everyone I have ever seen online.”

Asher Penn now sits across from me in the corner booth at Troll’s, a mid-century fish and chippy in Horseshoe Bay where the walls are masoned fieldstones and the tear-drop lanterns hang primary red, his Pirelli baseball cap is pulled low in the neutralizing light of the window. He spent the early ‘10s creating *Sex Magazine*, an online-only publication that felt like *Index* but was designed for the web, completely free, unregulated internet pastiche featuring early interviews from the likes of Amalia Ulman, Petra Cortright, and Eckhaus Latta. After 10 issues *Sex* went dark. In 2016, *power-House books* published the issues in print for the first time, but it was issue 11 that saw the magazine crystallize into its current gestalt print form continuing with interviews from tour-de-force anonymous cults

of personality, authors, Post-Internet artists, and musicians: Richard Turley, Honor Levy, Tao Lin, Tan Lin, Ada Rook, RXKNephew, Ecco2k, Bladee & Thaiboy Digital in conversation with Dean Kissick to make a shortlist. By 2023, Penn had premiered his debut feature-length documentary on Dr. Gabor Maté, *Physician, Heal Thyself* at Vancouver International Film Festival, revealing more layers of his practice.

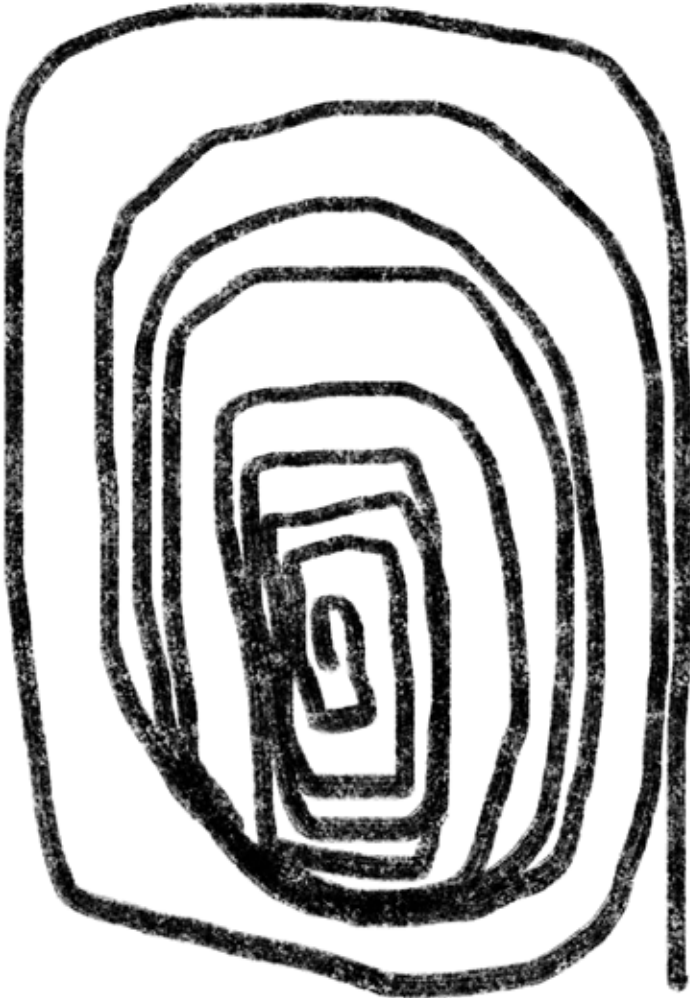
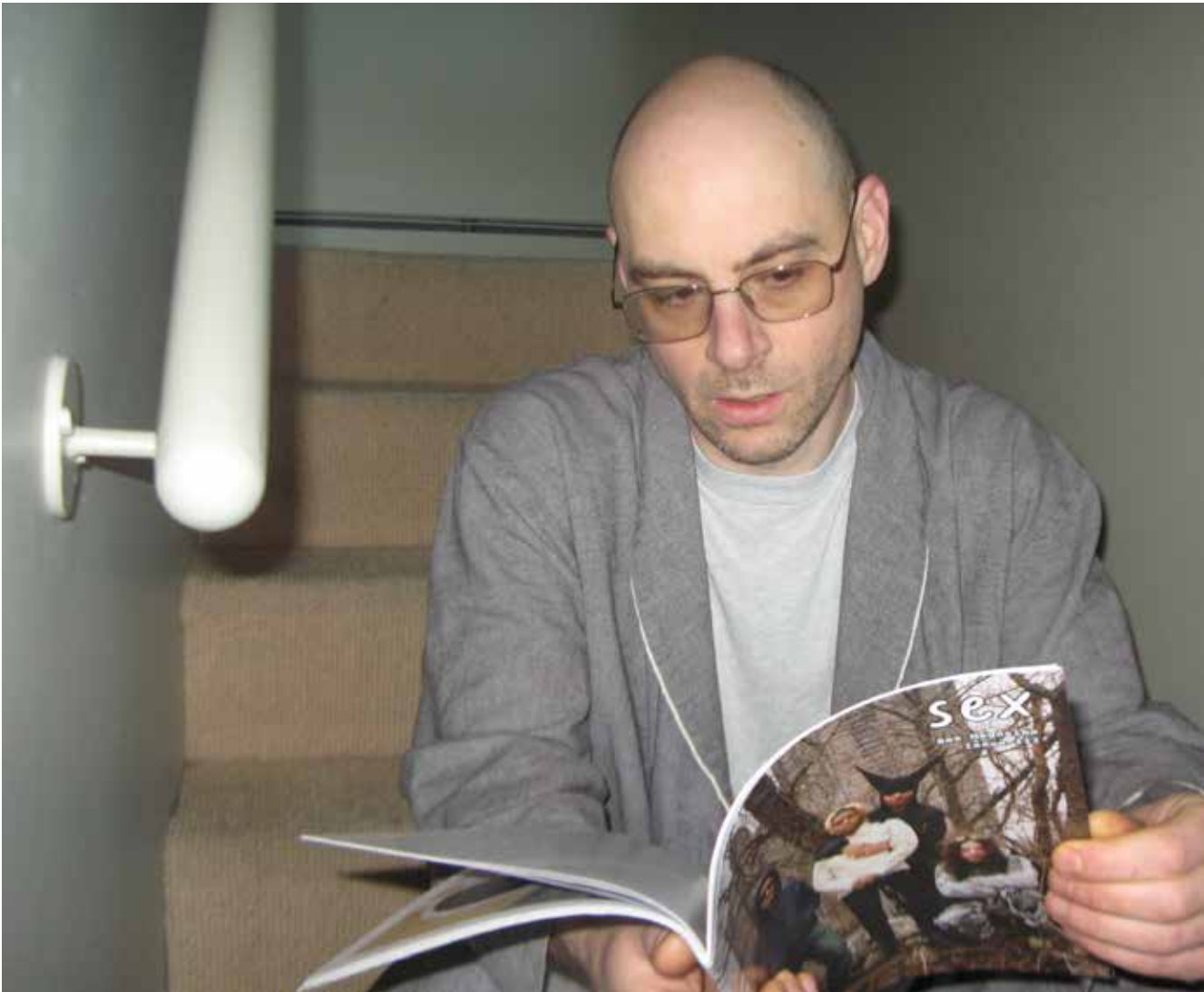
Now, back in Vancouver after edifying years in New York, he tells me his homecoming to Vancouver wasn’t incidental. “I chose to come back here because I was really burned out in the States. I was getting sober, so I was losing my mind,” he pauses, “and I stayed because I knew I could do it, and building a better relationship with my family became a priority.” The want for a sense of unmediated reality strikes me as a throughline of his return to this city. His Vancouver favs: hiking, cross-country skiing, the Cinematheque, Tinseltown, Princeton Pub. Quotidian, therapeutic, primordial. I have often wondered if Vancouver exists in opposition to other things. How a suburb only exists because it’s a suburb from the city. This seems precisely the coin of our nerfdom — on the other side, truth awaits — refuge from the psychic dance, full-body electrocution, and vexation of cosmopolitan controversy which insists on itself.

“I ran away from Vancouver,” Penn says, “I was a little confused by what its values were, especially when it came to art and culture, but now it feels almost like a refuge from New York. I don’t really know what that’s like for a younger artist now, I don’t know how important it is anymore to be in physical spaces with the community, as everybody’s everywhere. I’m sure this is something that gets talked about a lot.”

I interject that a constant source of confusion is that not much is actually said

out loud, cottaged away between Scylla and Charybdis, sensing everyone goes home to do their specific niche cultural consumption. He recalls, “it’s a weird thing because you get told so often that what you’re interested in is niche, and I find what people often call niche is just something they are belittling,” When he first made the magazine free he began wondering where people would go to get copies of *Sex* and how many people were actually going to these spaces — can the

public square be found again? He found hope with the re-opening of brick and mortar stores. “Even retail, where do you go? Where would you go to get the clothing that you actually want?” he posits, images of a full-on corpo-brawl between Los Angeles Apparel and Brandy Melville fill my head. I bring up Chinatowns as a relief, thinking about Vancouver’s Chinatown. The *Sun-Wah* basement galleries are a slice of evidential heaven to hold onto. He recalls good memories of Reena Spallings





in New York's Chinatown. "You just got to get to a point where you know what you need to do, and you are kind of okay doing it," Penn muses.

The material conditions of the city make physical space feel optional, aspirational, maybe even nostalgic. "Joe's used to be this place called Limelight Video, this great video store where I worked in my twenties." He walks me through the story of Limelight Video on 4th & Alma, where Joe's Italian Deli now churns out meatballs. "When I worked there, I started making artist books and launched a website. And started mailing them to *Printed Matter*. That got linked on *Delicious*. I wouldn't say I was internet famous, but a lot of net artists and designers started to know who I was. That was enough to have people reaching out to me, and for me to be reaching out to people. That was enough that all I had to do was make my work public."

When I succumb to the fear of living in Lorem Ipsum city, cultural malaise is like a poison washing over me. I am grounded by the absolute truth of our surrounding nature, environs, returning to it over and over, as the truest form of matter. Penn explains the advantage of the distance, "Most people just assume I still live in New York. That's fine, I've been getting that for years. The nice thing is I get to just close the laptop and not just completely live in [that world] all the time. I get to have perspective on it."

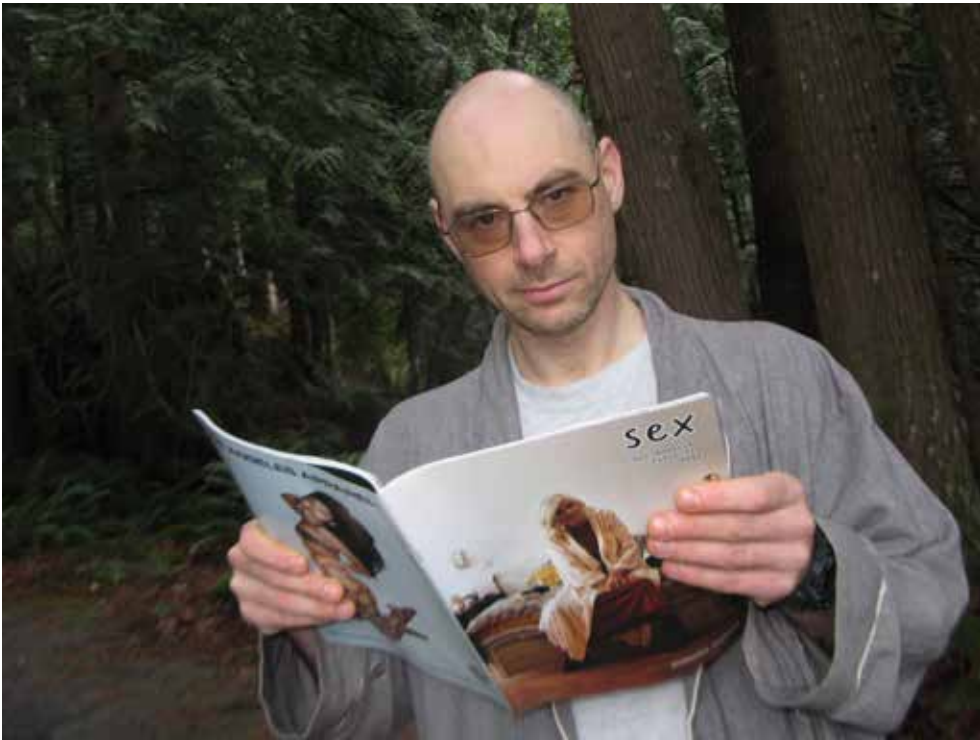
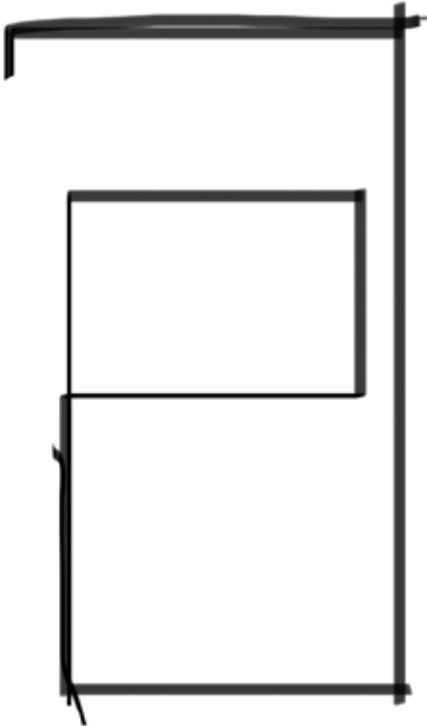
I bring up how artists I've spoken with, when asked if they feel like a Swedish artist or an internet artist they pledge network fealty, Penn counters, "I'm going to give you the surprising answer, then, because I will say that I feel like a Canadian artist." This cleaves counter to my views of him and all of god's creatures in the scope of *Sex Magazine*.

He continues, "[Canadians are] very good at identifying what is going on and packaging it — explaining it for a broader audience...If you don't *feel* like you're American, if you *feel* kind of separate, you

can approach culture with a little more curiosity and a little less competitiveness. At least that's what I have found."

He levels about being impractically idealistic, explaining how his home has shaped him for better, or for worse; that the cultural distance has allowed for a more delicate poesis, away from the active crushing of a crowd-killer. "To be known to be the perfect audience member, that's the Canadian advantage." He adduces *Vice Magazine* then Nardwuar as exemplar of this curatorial benediction. "When you're a teenager," Penn weighs in, "culture seems so valid and important because it's so far away and it's so untouchable. When you're in the middle of it, you have no perspective on it; so I like that part of being a Canadian where I get to be separate."

Angelicism01 is featured in the next issue of *Sex Magazine*, they tell Penn that the idea the internet is written in ink is no longer as true as it was 15 years ago. So many things disappear and so many things are gone. Penn appreciates this tension publishing; "When I launched the magazine you didn't have to design for mobile because nobody was looking to read anything on



treated as a legitimate movement. That's the big challenge of this whole thing."

The print magazine has become less a hauntological fetish object and increasingly a tactical necessity in an ecosystem where URLs rot, platforms rise and fall, and the internet's promise of permanence proves more akin to vaporwave. Making something physical is an act of historiographic insurgency.

When asked about simpler times here when he was young, his vignettes. He crosses his arms and leans back in the booth, proffering his three formative influences: Douglas Coupland (noting *Girlfriend in a Coma* is set not far from where we are sitting), Gabor Maté (luminary subject of his feature documentary) and William Gibson (his inaugural interview where he wanted to discuss lonelygirl15 with the author). He reflects: "That's all I can really connect with because they were all very important to me at different points in my life."

Outside the light shines its usual slate grey onto blue waters, exactly like the Jeff Wall photograph, *A View from an Apartment*. Penn has made peace at home in Vancouver — touching from a distance, he sees everything clearly. ©

the phone. Then everyone was reading on mobile and I didn't have the advertising system to accommodate that or a budget for a redesign and I get demoralized. Print saved me. When you're putting out a physical object into the world you're pushing against the norm. The design of the magazine for the last six years has been exactly the same... I don't have to deal with WordPress or migrations."

We are laying in the wake of Brad-Troemel-Patreon post-semantic drift and the metaterminological slippage keeps closing in. "Everything since 2010 has been Post-Internet. *Sex Magazine* is technically a Post-Internet magazine and maybe it always will be." Penn maintains. He reasons that once we are in the novel post-Post-Internet, he will be burned out and probably unable to continue the magazine. "Contemporary art is actually, in my opinion, an [art market] movement which started in 1980 and ended probably around 2010, and it was based around critical reception being the thing that created the value of our works." The aporia, as Penn sees it, is that Post-Internet struggles for legitimacy because the mechanisms that confer legitimacy and art historical taxonomy are artifacts within the very system. Leaning forward he observes, "The problem is that post-internet doesn't really have a history book. It won't even be



TAPEWORM CORP.

words by Oisín Gunning / illustrations by Calla Campbell / photos by Maya Heckl



Clinging to my coffee and swaying under the weight of too-little-sleep, I wait for the other half of this interview to arrive. It occurs to me — not for the first time — that I'm not entirely sure who I'm supposed to be meeting. *Tapeworm Corp.* has captivated my attention on the internet for months. The reels that infiltrated the regularly scheduled doom of my Instagram feed felt like a fever dream; one in which an odd man with an ever-shifting American accent either sells me an absurd product, or markets an alternate reality for Vancouver with incredible certainty.

What intrigues me most about *Tapeworm Corp.* is not the spectacle, but its indefinite borders. The corporation, brain-bastard of artist Clyde

Montgomery, is an interventionist art project which straddles installation, performance art, product design and social media marketing. *Tapeworm Corp.* draws on support from other artists in a relationship Clyde will later jokingly describe as akin to a dictatorship ("it's just the people around that are willing to help — that's whoever's a part of *Tapeworm* at any given time.") Adding to this murky expanse is the fact that *Tapeworm Corp.* is also home to a roster of personas. Clyde is also Tony Claymore, the CEO; who is also Jeremy, the social media intern, who is also Outlaw64 — a mysterious product tester.

Observing the project from afar, it can be hard to tell where the *Tapeworm Corp.* ends and the artist begins, where marketing ends and art starts. So, anxiously overcaffeinated I wonder, am I meeting with Clyde or Tony? Can it really be just one or the other, or will I end up speaking to the amalgam of personas, people and projects that keep the corporation running like a well-oiled Rube Goldberg machine?

In the end, and to my relief, it's just Clyde who arrives to speak with me on a gloomy Wednesday morning at Jonathan Rogers Park in Mount Pleasant. And so, as we aimlessly circle and figure-eight through the area's maze of tech businesses, warehouses and breweries, I set out to peel apart the layers of *Tapeworm Corp.*, and poke at what's inside.

this,' but no. Invention and innovation is cool, but once it becomes so big that it's pushed onto people I don't know...it's no longer fun anymore."

So emerges *Tapeworm Corp.*, playing on the artist's inability to succeed in business, and business' perpetual failure to make art: "Corporations are the best artists, but what they do objectively isn't art because it's a product. So ... I'm trying to play with the idea of 'art products,' and an art corporation." Elaborating, he says, "I feel like *Tapeworm Corp.* is an exercise in business, [but] also an exercise in performance; and like an exercise of ideas. It's an experiment."

The living experiment of *Tapeworm Corp.* grew out of the bowels of *Emily Carr University of Art and Design*, and the myriad crises that institution tends to gift so many of its students. "It started as a grad project," Clyde shares, "I just like the idea of inventing things, and I never really did industrial design when I was in the program. Honestly, *Emily Carr* doesn't really want you to do industrial design. The first day of the program, one of the better profs was like, 'you shouldn't design products.' It gave everyone an immediate crisis, because we were all there to design products and come up with new ideas. But it was good, it made us think about how there's so much shit in the world, and I don't believe that we shouldn't come up with things and be creative, but my jumping off point was, 'okay, I'm just going to reuse materials, and use found objects a lot, and see what

As I learn more about who Clyde is, it's no wonder that *Tapeworm Corp.* emerged from this artist's psyche. It's actually hard for Clyde's background not to sound like a bit, or one of his personas. Clyde comes from a family of inventors, creatives and businessmen, he tells me: "It's not [a bit], it's just my life. On my dad's side of the family: his great-grandfather was an inventor; he invented the rubber-dipped gardening glove, and he did really well. Then my grandfather started this bike company and they were the first to do aluminum bike frames." But while the creativity nurtured by his mother found root, as did the ancestral urge to invent, business did not. "Everytime I try to do a business idea it becomes this mutated fucked up thing. I can't sell a product for the life of me," he muses. He's come to appreciate the 'failed inventor' trope. "I feel like [you] just [need] to accept your inventions as a failure, and that is something interesting about the invention. The problem comes when you're like, 'Everyone needs

happens,' because I've always kind of built in that way."

Building with refuse and reuse is a central feature of the work emerging from *Tapeworm Corp.* It's an ethos that has practical value — beyond being an affordable approach to building. Using found and discarded objects dictates not only choice of materials, but also influences what emerges from them. "The only stuff that is wasted is because we are wasting it. There's value in all of this stuff we throw away. Like a plastic bag. The second you're outside the context of our [daily] lives, when you're in the forest, or whatever, alone, like, 'Okay I can use that to carry water in — multiple times' or, 'I can put it on my head and it will insulate it cause I'll sweat.' You'll come up with interesting things by limiting your choice of materials to primarily waste objects, rather than trying to buy new things.



But it doesn't seem to me that this approach is tied to the idea of scarcity-and-its-generative-potential, nor does it appear as a nod to a larger environmentalist message or purpose. Tapeworm Corp's tagline lays it out: 'We feed off the intestines of society, and discharge creativity back into our hosts.' What does 'society' discard and leave behind? This is not just about the trash we make, the ever-expanding mass of obsolete consumer products. I feel it's also about all of the things we push into the recesses of our collective consciousness, selectively forgetting out of exhaustion. Maybe it's also about the ideas and social structures that we take for granted. Using waste, Clyde tells me, is "more about what the material has to say than being like, 'Look, I made a ball of trash!' — that's useless ... in school we talked about materials having kind of personalities; whatever the thing is, you're not at a disadvantage using waste — it can be an advantage if you're trying to say something." These reused materials are already smeared with meaning from their former life. In *Tapeworm Corp.*, it seems, the mutation of that meaning becomes part of the message.

"I was really inspired by [sculptor] Tom Sachs, and the Dutch design collective *N55*; they did a bunch of interesting projects [that are] basically critical design. Which is what *Tapeworm Corp.* is in a lot of ways — art that can't accept that it's art, or sometimes, it's not good enough to be art on its own." Critical design is described as 'speculative' and 'satirical,' a bastardization of product design; it's about provocation. Importantly, critical design requires response to produce meaning. For *Tapeworm Corp.* this evolved into the idea of producing symptoms. "[It] was an idea that we had early on — instead of 'solutions' the thing that we create will be a 'symptom' that will help [us] to recognize and be able to understand what's wrong." And while the use of the term symptom has fallen out of practice at *Tapeworm Corp.* ("It's confusing. It didn't catch on.") the project is still about proposing solutions: "Solutions to whatever this niche problem that we're investigating is....It's solutions to the problems of

the city, or whatever 'the Host' is. But it's an indirect solution. The solution is more of a question, but posing it confidently like corporations do. When they come out with a product, they don't say, 'Oh yeah this might change the world, I don't know, we'll have to see.' They're like, 'This is the fucking shit!' we're doing that, following that structure."

The products *Tapeworm Corp.* produces, and the hyper-confident Corporate persona they're presented under, are only half of the art — the rest comes from the reaction. "I'm just always drawn to stuff that requires engagement from the external to be alive. Because then things happen that you wouldn't expect. Once you take [something] out into the world, people will start putting their own ideas on it, and that gets recycled into it. Then I get to say, 'yeah, that's exactly what I was thinking' (laughs) — I wasn't thinking about that at all, but the public is the one that adds the meaning."

Recently *Tapeworm Corp.* has been concentrating on "The Solution to the Housing Crisis," though the project isn't entirely new. It is a confluential Cronenberg of past projects and concepts. "Experimentation began in like 2023, thinking about new ways of housing. We made an igloo, it was an 'affordable housing project.' It melted in 2 days. We made a building out of drywall, completely, and drywall is a terrible building material. But then we came across the rezoning application signs. Corrugated polycarbonate: water resistant, mildly fire proof, durable, flexible — it's kind of the dream building material. And plastic, amazing material (laughs.) It went through iterations of becoming an art gallery for a bit; it's supposed to become a food truck at some point; there's ideas for it to become a public restroom. It was kind of like an open format idea, plug and play. Whatever, just a piece of portable architecture." The structure itself was previously presented as "Host House" (2023), a mobile housing-woes confessional. "But now it's become solidified as micro-housing, and it's the first prototype of micro-housing — which is 'The Solution to the Housing Crisis.' It's 4ft x 8ft, 32sq feet of whatever you want, it's portable, open format, insulated, skylights, 5 windows ...it's really designed with Gen Z and Millennials in mind."

At this point in our interview, Clyde and I have walked in a fugue around the same block of warehouses three times, and interestingly something new begins to break into our discussion: The voice of the Corporation. While I'm speaking with Clyde, the corporation is refusing to be relegated to the realm of the conceptual. "Now, we're doing this series of product launches where we are trying to inform. Now comes this product that's been developed through engaging with all these people over the last 3 years, and now we have to sell it back to them. So that's the product launch, and we've done 2 shows

already and we have more coming up all the time." But of course, *Tapeworm Corp.* hasn't yet solved the housing crisis. "Oh not yet, no! We have the solution but the integration is a necessary part of there being a solution. We basically need to do a lot of things, and part of that is we need \$1.2 million to turn this into a real company. It takes investment." And of course this emergence of the Corporation is no surprise, as you may remember, Clyde's mind is also home to his alter ego, Tony Claymore, the company's spokesperson CEO.

But just as quickly as the voice of Tony Claymore emerged, so did it disappear as we shifted focus toward the physical toll of *Tapeworm Corp.*'s efforts to critically engage the people of Vancouver. Many of *Tapeworm Corp.*'s solutions involve Clyde's (or Tony's?) body — such as a recent series of videos released on Instagram, in which the artist is chained to, and dragging, a miniature skyscraper around the city. "That really arose out of a guerrilla marketing campaign to get people in the seats for 'The Solution to the Housing Crisis' product launch. It was a performance art piece, but also like a MrBeast [video]. I don't know, MrBeast is so dystopian to me. It's so weird, so I feel like...what's it called when you hurt yourself to feel?" Together, we search for the right word, eventually landing on masochistic. "Masochistic! Yeah, a lot of things could be labeled as masochism. I'll neither agree nor deny. Tony was trying to get the attention of the public. Vancouver is such a hilarious city to be doing performance art in. Everyone is so scared to do anything, to get out of their shell. People are generally closed-off, but the amount of engagement that comes from [that kind of work] is awesome. People will come up and just start talking to you about the weirdest thing ever. And it feels like... something is happening. That is the thing that I like about performance: the conversations that arise. I think props are really important, it's like an invitation." The provocation of an absurd public performance, the confrontation of a mutated but oddly familiar product, it's designed to create an opening. Observing the potentially masochistic experimentations of *Tapeworm Corp.* becomes an invitation to interact: not only with the artwork, but with the ideas and issues it's growing out of, and the other people reacting to it.

Tapeworm Corp.'s "Solution to the Housing Crisis" makes us think about Vancouver. It offers a container to laugh at our disdain for the city's ridiculous mismanagement, and the dark absurdity of its problems. So many people have become apathetic about Vancouver's ability to be better, and the "Solution to the Housing Crisis" might be able to reach people in a way civic policy can't and won't — it inspires an entirely different form of civic engagement, and it speaks back to the government in a different language. "I think that's what art is. You can do something [like *Tapeworm Corp.*], and the government might realise there's something in it, something they just didn't realise was an option. I think you need to present the city, forcibly, other options — and that's why an art corporation is necessary because you have to meet them on their own terms. You have to be an organization."

While critical, the Corporation's relationship with the City of Vancouver isn't purely antagonistic. "I feel like the city of Vancouver and I, and *Tapeworm Corp.*, we're kind of flirting. There's some sexual tension there. Neither of us want to make a move — but there's definitely something between us. And

you know, the government is in bed with all sorts of corporations already, so we're just another fling to them. But we're really trying to stand out from the other corporations because we think *Tapeworm Corp.* can offer something that the OMNI Group can't. When you're kids you kind of bully your crush, and I think that's what *Tapeworm Corp.* is doing. It's out of love. I think that's an important part of it, and why I think humour is so important. I don't like a lot of activism that's super antagonistic, and I hate conflict as a person, and I think that's why also I've leaned towards humour because it's a way of conflict resolution."

Tapeworm Corp. has found the power of finding humour in the most ridiculous aspects of society and human behaviour. By laughing at our collective disappointment in this city, I wonder if we can start to find new ways of loving it. Maybe pointing at what we hate and why from a place of begrudging love, rather than apathetic disdain, might yield better results. For Clyde, the city is young, and hasn't figured out its identity yet; and part of the problem is that people's frustration with what the city is not can lead to a destruction of what it is. "I always think about how Ken Sim said Vancouver has no swag. Well, yeah dude, 15 year olds are just testing shit out," he says, comparing the city to a socially-lost teenager, "Right now [Vancouver]'s trying on this modernist facade bullshit, and it's not working, so obviously there's no swag. But also, I feel like I have swag, people around me have swag — there is swag to be had, stop destroying the swag, man."

"We want to keep Vancouver and *Tapeworm Corp.* [geared] more towards growth rather than destruction. I think there's too much destruction already. There's not enough history. Vancouver has such a short [civic] history, it's such a young city, so we can't be destroying it more. In some ways, *Tapeworm Corp.* does want to eat and destroy parts of the city that maybe other people think should be built, but if we do that, the only reason is to create something more from it. So some people might say that we're actually part of the destruction, maybe we think they're part of the destruction — you know, it's all necessary."

Nevertheless, after 3 years living in and feeding on the guts of Vancouver, the Corporation might be ready to move on. As for what's next for the project, Clyde wants to, "really push-off this idea of the 'micro-house.' We need to get this thing out of our system. It's been 3 years, it's been holding us hostage in a lot of ways." And for *Tapeworm Corp.*, that means finding a new Host to infect, a new parasitic relationship to nurture. "*Tapeworm Corp.* started out of Emily Carr, that was the Host of *Tapeworm Corp.*: trying to learn how to engage with an institution. Engage with that, make solutions to the institution. Then it was like okay, graduate, move on: Let's investigate Vancouver as a government and an area, and try to make solutions for that. Now I think this next year we want to go into personal sole proprietorships. You know, now we've almost filed for bankruptcy, we need to go back in and focus on the people, start designing for the people again."

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1000x RESIST

AND THE IMMORTALITY OF MEMORY

WORDS BY JEFFREY LIU / ILLUSTRATIONS BY CALLA CAMPBELL

1000xResist, the debut title from Vancouver-based game studio Sunset Visitor 斜陽過客, bears the weight of a work entirely misrepresented by its medium. Released in 2024, it has received numerous nominations within the most prestigious video game award ceremonies. Selected by the DICE, Golden Joystick, and Game Developers Choice panels, 1000xResist far surpassed any expectations for a development team of four. Yet, the title's synopsis featured on Sunset Visitor's site only cares to mention three of 1000xResist's appearances on award circuits — all of which are solely within the realm of literature and storytelling.

Sunset Visitor's core team of four comprises two writers and two composers. Connected through Vancouver's performance art scene, they are theater veterans who sought their own stage during the uncertain fate of public spaces during 2020's lockdown. Ergo, this project breaks many conventions of traditional game design.

The entire team learned the brass tacks of game development during the four-year development period. Their limitations are clear; the resulting product lacks the visual fidelity one would expect of a modern title, even by indie game standards. The story unfolds through mostly-static dioramic scenes that are frozen in time, only given life through spirited voice acting provided by the Sunset Visitor team. Gameplay is stripped-down as you are able to walk around, shift sequentially through scenes, and speak to NPCs — not much else.

And yet, there is nothing I think a team of four hundred with a bottomless budget could have done to create a more visceral experience. This is not a video game. Video games connote lighthearted fun. *1000xResist* is sophisticated and exhausting. *1000xResist* invokes nostalgia for the present day by telling a science fiction story in a future no longer subject to the Gregorian calendar. *1000xResist* is a posthumous reflection on the 2019-2020 Hong Kong protests, and the fair price of freedom. *1000xResist* deals with the futility of leveling the irredeemable debt from child to parent. *1000xResist* is a clone drama with such informed insights on the outsider and immigrant experience that it could only have been produced in the urban diaspora of Vancouver.

Even if *1000xResist* fails to resonate with its identity as a video game, there is still no

better vehicle for its delicate story. While games have been patiently waiting in the wings for their acceptance as a highbrow art form, they have been, and will continue to be, a working class fixation. The accessibility of digital works makes it inherently difficult to enforce the exclusivity associated with high art. After all, high art is difficult to disentangle from the art market and the speculations of wealthy investors. In today's busy culture, asking a prideful upper class operating under the dogma of 'time is money' to spend ten hours playing a game is quixotic.

Devoid of pretentious notions that often infiltrate art projects of *1000xResist*'s caliber, its story is given the chance to take center stage and speak directly to the misfit majority. There are no heroes, the protagonists are flawed and volatile as a result of various oppressive forces. Their triumphs are desperate acts that incur steep costs. *1000xResist* is gritty and authentic without feeling overindulgent, telling a tale of struggle by implicating the player in the very struggles it illustrates.

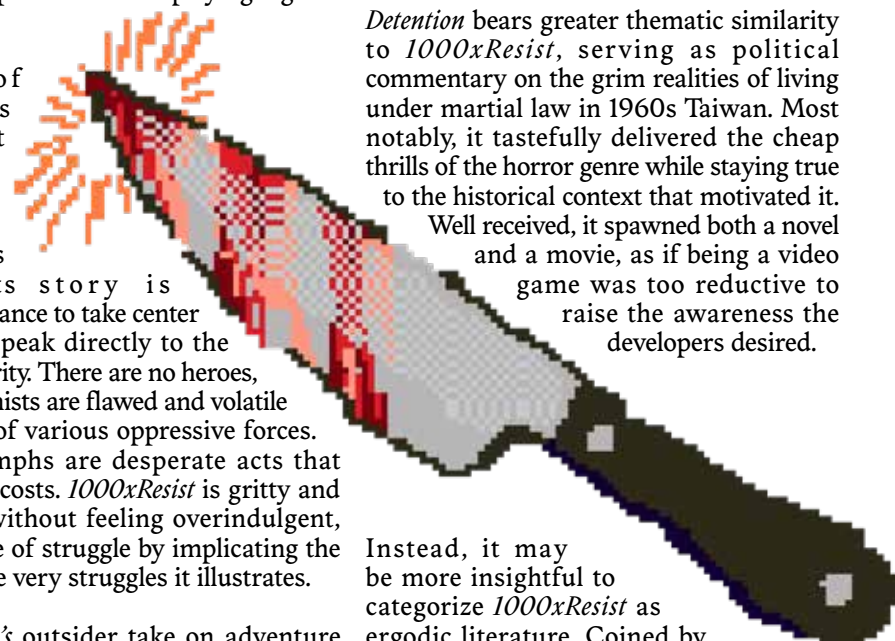
1000xResist's outsider take on adventure games is as brave as it is graceful. I have tried again and again to explain to friends what the experience entails and god is it difficult. It is such a complete package that trying to atomize the game into digestible portions feels unfair to its ethos. The raw emotional impact, careful composition of each scene, and tasteful engagement with real-world strife bring to mind the unclassifiable genre-bending titles of 2019's *Disco Elysium* and 2017's *Detention*.

Disco Elysium is a rare case of book-to-game adaptation, although that is a stretch. The source material, *Sacred and Terrible Air*, is an unexceptional Estonian novel of roughly 80,000 words. *Disco Elysium: The Final Cut* expands upon it more than tenfold, the full game composing of roughly 1.2 million words — more than the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy and *The Hobbit* combined. The scale of the final product and its critical redemption demands differentiation from being merely a game.

Detention bears greater thematic similarity to *1000xResist*, serving as political commentary on the grim realities of living under martial law in 1960s Taiwan. Most notably, it tastefully delivered the cheap thrills of the horror genre while staying true to the historical context that motivated it.

Well received, it spawned both a novel and a movie, as if being a video game was too reductive to raise the awareness the developers desired.

Instead, it may be more insightful to categorize *1000xResist* as ergodic literature. Coined by media scholar Espen Aarseth, it gives a label to the gray area of interactive narrative experiences that challenge the deterministic and unilateral qualities of storytelling. Sunset Visitor's attraction to games can be understood through cornerstone ergodic works, such as Ayn Rand's 1934 play *Night of January 16th*. Blending the roles of actor and audience, it depicts a murder trial where members of the



audience serve as the jury. In *1000xResist*, 12 is reduced to 1 as you alone exact your agency upon the many stages in the game, eventually judging the worthiness of the factions involved.

A hallmark of ergodic literature is a non-linear narrative flow, with *1000xResist* being no exception. *1000xResist* casts aside the suggestion of a present, as scenes jump anywhere from 2019 to what could be thousands of years in the future. While there is a chronological series of events, the persistence of memories between scenes with unresolved emotions of guilt and of grief challenge the utility of a determined present.

From here on out, there will be moderate spoilers for the game – I aim to not rob you of the raw impact of experiencing it for yourself, but I would encourage you to avoid this section if you are intent on playing the game soon.

The catalyst of *1000xResist*'s plot is the arrival of an alien species in the year 2047. Their presence on Earth spreads a destructive disease, causing victims to cry until they have no more fluid in their body to sustain themselves. Iris, the protagonist in the first act, is a Canadian high school student who miraculously survives exposure to the disease. Because of her immunity, she is chosen to become a lab rat in an effort to develop a cure. Isolated from family and friends, she grows discontent.

From 2019-2020, Hong Kong citizens came out in droves to protest a bill allowing the extradition of fugitives to mainland China. For protesters, the bill was a proxy for democracy as mainland China continued to impose its authoritarian regime on the city, after its handover from the UK in 1997. In the game, Iris' parents were lifelong Hong Kong residents with significant involvements in the demonstrations. It is often cited that protests are successful when 3.5% of the population participates. During the Hong Kong protests, estimates range from 20-40% of the population took part. Only one of their five demands were met before martial law forced the hands of protesters and dismantled the movement.

In a future wiped of all human life, save for Iris and her clones, one clone deemed 'Watcher' bites the hand that feeds her. Iris, now adopting the exalted moniker of ALLMOTHER, has given into her displeasure to change all that defined her. Her quiescent cunning and cruelty births a society of sisters who adopt her image and learn through her memories. Watcher finds ALLMOTHER's cruelty to be beyond redemption, even as her progenitor. She assassinates ALLMOTHER and is punished. In ALLMOTHER's absence, a new regime takes hold; it resembles ALLMOTHER's reign in more ways than one.

Under the new and oppressive 'provisional government', a clone named Blue dreams of opportunity. She seeks to avenge those who have died without the chance to live as an individual. Meanwhile, in 2048, Iris' mothers' grief over her absent daughter turns to rage as her search for closure continues in vain.

1000xResist often contemplates the burden of memory. Iris' parents shelter her in

regards to their activism in Hong Kong and the consequences they faced for it. When the disease spreads, Iris' world freezes as a teenager and renders her unable to resolve her angst and appreciate the sacrifice of her parents. The ALLMOTHER creates a new canon, rejecting Iris' many regrets by attempting to teach her clones virtues that she failed to realize.

Her clones, natural ruminators without the opportunity to experience a life outside of the ALLMOTHER and her creations, see through her divine facade and call her bluff.

In a world of lossless memory, how is one able to bear the weight of perfect recall for themselves, much less for others? I can't help but feel this approaches the question that keeps my parents tight-lipped. Immigrating from mainland China to Canada in the early 2000s, they sought freedom for themselves as well as my sister (and eventually me). I have tried to ask them about the experience of doing so. To give up all that they know to go somewhere at an age that eliminates the possibility of seamless assimilation in another country. They acknowledge it was difficult and then refuse to flesh it out more than a mere sequence of events. It happened, and that was that.

I was born in Ontario before moving to Michigan when I was four. The western world is all I have known and yet I have struggled with feeling like an outsider for all my life. In Michigan, we lived in a suburb with a primary demographic of WASPs. I never felt worthy of bearing the label of 'Chinese,' my parents were Chinese and I am certainly dissimilar to my parents. Yet, 'American' felt like it served no use in encapsulating my experience. Thus, I have found a third option, an urbanite defined by displacement and reformulation.

So, where does that leave me in making sense of the intergenerational trauma inherited from my parents? I recognize that conflict in Iris as her Canadian identity means she is unable to sympathize with her parents' toils in Hong Kong; the guilt of abandoning friends and family who they fought alongside when they could have just left from the get-go.

Despite all of their hardships, Iris' parents do not expect her to understand the factors that brought them to immigrate to Canada. They shoulder the responsibility of protecting her from the forces which shattered the naivety of their youth. In return, they expect nothing more from Iris than for her to remain their daughter, preserved by their good graces. When security forces come to take Iris, they give her a choice. They ask her to join them and leave her family as a worthy sacrifice to save the rest of humanity. The choice itself is an illusion, she is coming with them one way or another — but this way, they offer her the luxury of perceived freedom. Iris agrees, shattering the pact between parent and child.

Much later, Iris becomes the ALLMOTHER and bestows her literal life experience onto children of her own, using devices

that allow for perfect memory transfer. ALLMOTHER expects them to understand her. The subsequent betrayal hurts that much more. History doesn't repeat itself, but it often rhymes.

"So what was the point?" Iris' mother asks her father in one of *1000xResist*'s most poignant scenes. As she speaks in regards to the demonstrations in Hong Kong, what was the point of acting so brash when the result seemed predetermined from the get-go? What was the point of making such a commotion when it meant that they were no longer safe in the city that they had sworn to defend until their end of days? What was the point of moving away, leaving behind neighbors they fought so hard to protect? What did they expect?

This moment reveals the true bravery of *1000xResist*'s narrative. 'What was the point?', can be asked of not only Iris' parents but of every player character. Iris, Watcher, and Blue all seek deliverance from the circumstances which hold them captive. Iris turns on the scientists, humanity's final hope. Watcher fatally stabs ALLMOTHER, the architect of her world. Blue kills the ministers of the provisional government, the force maintaining order in a post-ALLMOTHER society. Their actions are outbursts, distressed and spontaneous. They leave messes for another to clean, the next generation having that many more skirmishes to resolve.

'What was the point?', is beyond *1000xResist*. 'What was the point?', has always been the question so long as people have cared to imagine different worlds. It is the question we are afraid to turn onto ourselves, one that we may perpetually defer in hopes of the reveal of some natural conclusion. In game, it is stripped of its abstractions and all of a sudden becomes addressable. All player characters reach some conclusion, so what of them then?

1000xResist indirectly deals with the question through its non-chronological presentation, twisting timelines so as to encourage players to view the story as a single whole, as opposed to an anthology. Examined piecemeal, each player character merely powers the treadmill of suffering. Yet, as a whole, doesn't it feel like they were all working towards something? Isn't there satisfaction to know how one generation strives to rectify the faults of the last?

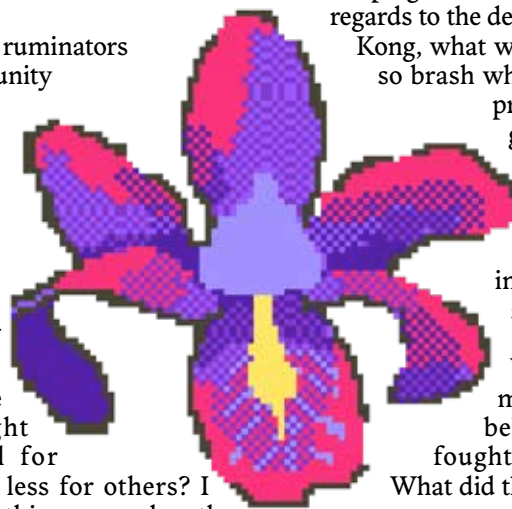
In response to Iris' mother's question, her father replies, "the world watched it all happen. Heard our voices. Saw us bleed. So what if we stayed silent? Didn't stand up for ourselves? They would say... this is how it always was. They would say... this is what the people wanted. They can't say that. It has gone down in history. That we have fought for a different future... until we couldn't".

In the closing segments of the game, you come face to face with the aliens who are responsible for the end of humanity. They reveal the disease which killed 8 billion was actually an attempt to bridge the gap between species and establish communication. The aliens, gifted with perfect recall, rely upon the exchanging of memories to connect individual to individual. The disease bestowed this gift to its victims. Crushed by the weight of every moment once-forgotten, they cried until they couldn't anymore.

The aliens are sympathetic creatures, having come to commune instead of conquer. Yet, they show no remorse for the dead. All who died were able to interface with the aliens directly. The aliens retained a lifetime of memories, for all concurrent lives. Nothing has been lost, so what is there to mourn?

You, the player, are not so different from the aliens then. You are responsible for the preservation of Iris, Watcher, and Blue. So long as you recognize their contributions to the story, developing your interpretations of their motivations and desires, they will have meaning ascribed to their lives.

1000xResist demands your attention, both in game and outside of it. Its narrative is so dense that time spent away from it inevitably turns into a reflective unraveling of the last chapter played. There are so many strings to pull on, each more rewarding to contemplate than the last. The 10-hour playtime is a misnomer, *1000xResist* is much bigger than the moments within. It's a game meant to be remembered. ☺





SALMON SILICONE SPANISH BANKS

words by Julie Shoemaker / illustrations by Mady Boniface

All over the world, there are salmon stories, I'd like to make up my own.

Did you know that salmon and humans are siblings? In a mythical time, a mountain rose up out of an endless sea and into the clouds. The slopes were crisscrossed with streams and dark mud banks that grew warm in the sun. In the green fields, giants sat among wildflowers and winds carried the sound of their fifes and tubas onto the shore below. They all had the same dad which could make things a bit catty a lot of the time honestly. Out of boredom, two twin sisters made the animals. One molded their bodies from mud, the other breathed life into them. They took turns giving out their qualities. Salmon are delicious and life sustaining, humans are creative and insatiable. The sisters saw that the humans were pretty chill and came to favor them over the other animals and giants. They took an ember from their father's fireplace so that the humans could cook their food. From the feasting-hall they took a salmon with fat sides and skin three fingers thick.

The sisters reached through the clouds and gave the salmon to the humans, saying "cook this salmon with your fire, and eat it."

"Oh boy! Oh boy!" Cried the humans, who sprung into action. They fileted the fish, tucked it into aluminium foil with oil and Shake 'n Bake, and stuck it in the dishwasher on the "HEAVY CYCLE" mode to let the flesh set.

When the father saw the humans making the dishwasher salmon, he realized his twin daughters' disobedience and thundered with rage. Humans had misused his fire, their machines had become a nuisance. To punish his daughters, he chained them to a boulder and called on his eagle-familiar to peck out their guts for all eternity.

This is a snapshot in time. At Spanish Banks, the salmon are returning. Years of restoration efforts are paying off, and salmon have returned to spawn in the creeks of the point called "grey" after decades of dormancy, but wild salmon populations

are still trending downward worldwide. Intervention is necessary, but what shape will that intervention take, and who will do the intervening? Humans cultivate, cook and consume with tools, and living in a complex modern society means that there are thousands of invisible technological processes that come together to form the everyday. As consumers, we have given up direct knowledge of tools and tech, placing our trust in the regulatory bodies of government in hopes of receiving greater choice in the food products available to us. To make an informed choice about the path we are cutting into the future, we need to re-orient our relationship to salmon.

Jay is a forestry student and the student co-president of CiTR. From her dress, you can tell she is literally ready to hike at a moment's notice: her gusseted water-resistant pants and olive jacket are a familiar sight for me, especially here, in the CiTR record library, where we have spent days of our lives together. On a dim afternoon in October, Jay shared some of her stories and news about the fall spawning season.



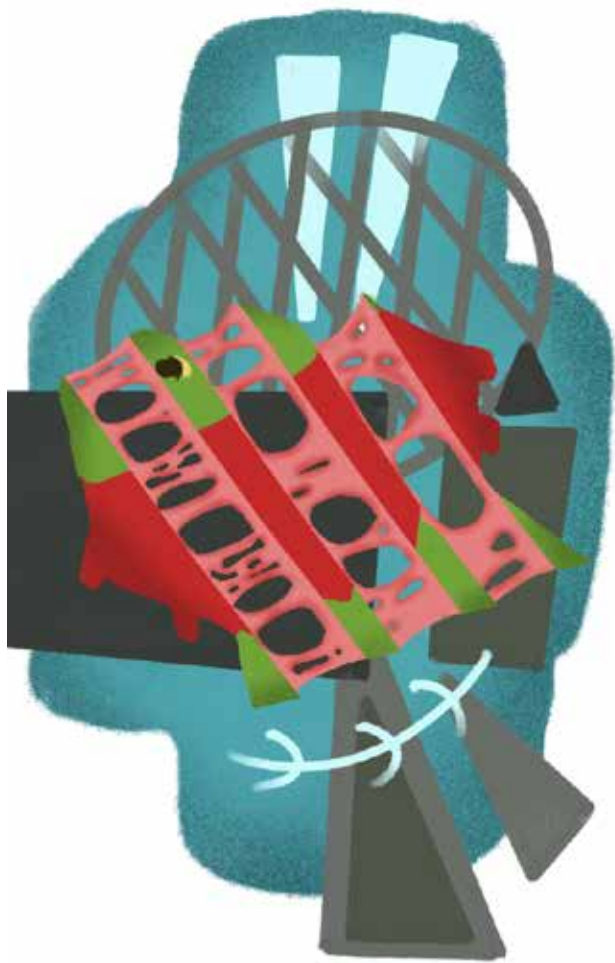
How do you feel when you go to Spanish Banks?

Jay: It feels like a pilgrimage of sorts, even though it's very, very close by. It feels very special. Mainly because it feels like this is how things are supposed to be. The salmon used to just be up in people's neighborhoods that are completely overbuilt now.

If I'm on campus, I can just walk out the door and there's salmon spawning. The main path along Spanish Banks goes over the creek – a little bridge there. So there's always people running and older people walking their dogs, they're always checking in on it. I like that for them, because in Vancouver, you can feel very out of touch with this type of stuff.

You've been doing a lot at Spanish banks recently.

Jay: Yeah, I've been working with the Spanish Banks Streamkeepers, who are a pretty small group, maybe 10 or 12 people. Mostly older people. We get in some people from UBC, from the DFO — Department of Fisheries and Oceans Canada Communications



disease is always a big concern. Plus, their weight compared to wild salmon is way different, it's really a quantity over quality thing.

This is a snapshot in time. I'm thankful that stream-keepers like Jay are stepping up to carry out this work at a local level. Wild stocks are best managed by communities who understand the salmon's deep connections to the ecosystem as a whole. But they are not the only stewards of the salmonid: farmers hold massive power over the global context. It's a contentious business, and major changes are taking place following decades of environmental concerns. Give a man a fish and he'll eat for a day, but teach him to farm fish and he will raise some seriously messed up specimens.

Branch. We're just doing checkups on the creek. We do invertebrate surveys in the summer to see what kind of microvertebrates, like, bugs, there are. Is there food for young salmon there? It helps you determine if it's a healthy creek based on what kind of bugs you find. It's like, is this place polluted as hell, or is it okay? Around October, November, when the Chum and the Coho come in, we count dead and live salmon over the spawning period.

I've been working on one of the creeks nearby, monitoring the water temperature and flow volume to see if it would be feasible to possibly reintroduce salmon to it like Spanish Banks Creek. Up until the 1990s, it didn't have any salmon. It was part of a big parking lot that's still there, but they dug up the parking lot and kind of restored it. They made it a riparian area for the creek to flow. They planted trees on either side. And since then, we've had salmon return.

Salmon have a beastly resilience, but it pales in comparison to global demand, which is overwhelmingly sated by farming operations in Norway, Chile, Scotland and Canada. According to projections prepared in 2024 by the BC Ministry of Agriculture and Food, global production of farmed salmonid species could rise to between 5.9 and 6.5 million tonnes annually by 2040. Where wild stocks can't keep up, technology intervenes with experiments in format.

It feels like you can't go home again, like we're racing towards a world where you can eat farmed salmon or you won't have salmon because there aren't any in the rivers. And I don't know how to deal with that.

Jay: Well, there's a lot of places to start. I used to work in a meat and fish department, and the question we would always get was "is this wild or is this farmed?" like, I need to know, I need to make an informed purchase. And often if you say "this is farmed," you get a weird look. People want wild salmon. Honestly, that's great because there's a lot of criticism to be had of farm salmon. There's a lot of negatives based on their survivability, say, if they escape the farm, the spread of

Though land-based solutions are slowly gaining a foothold, the overwhelming majority of provincial salmon farming takes place in offshore marine aquaculture facilities growing Atlantic salmon. Around 60 open-net pen farms remain along the BC coastline, concentrated on the western coast of Vancouver Island. Facilities typically contain multiple pens, each holding thousands upon thousands of fish, who spend their lives swimming in a shallow circle — a boiling biomass. To scientifically approximate these conditions, you can get a few buddies together and try running a 5k in your washing machine.

"Open" is the operative word — the pens are integrated into the surrounding tidal system, with no barrier to prevent the transmission of pollutants and parasites into wild populations. Sea-lice thrive in the close quarters, the larva attaching themselves to a host and feeding on its muscle and blood. This is a huge problem for farmers, who can't sell damaged fish, and an even bigger problem for the wild populations that have been ravaged by pesticide-resistant, strengthened lice that escape from farms. Enter: the optical fish delousing laser! Simply lower this Kubrickian black obelisk into the center of the salmon pen, and stereo imaging and a machine learning algorithm will scan the endless gyre of flesh for lice. Once it locks on, it fires a beam of concentrated green light that sings the little buggers right off! When more complex solutions fail, farms have been known to pour scalding water over stock to detach the lice, which, predictably, has resulted in whole pens being boiled alive, most recently in Scotland.

The swiftly swimming salmon snarfs shrimps in the springtime. Krill, alongside algae and other crustaceans, are rich in astaxanthin, the pigment responsible for the fiery orange-pink colour of salmon flesh. In the wild, salmon gorge in the open saltwater and absorb astaxanthin

and other carotenoids that protect them from sun damage and help regulate circulation. Light-colored flesh indicates high levels of stress and poor diet, and consumers understand that a pale fishie is a fail fishie. Even in open-net pen farms, salmon can't access their normal feed. Pellets made from fishmeal and plant protein are mixed with carotenoids to approximate the colour of wild fish, manufactured by leaders in aquaculture tech. The Swiss / Dutch chemical corporation DSM-Firmenich provides proprietary blends of CAROPHYLL® carotenoids for salmonids, shrimps and chickens. To measure the resulting flesh-tone, try the SalmoFan™, a paper array of 11 hues ranging from delicious deep red to a pallid, ghostly orange-grey. In the fall, salmon stop eating and slim down considerably to make room for eggs and sperm on their journey back to the freshwater stream where they were born. To accelerate their growth,



hormones are mixed into the feed, and artificial light simulates an endless summer. While this is effective in producing 9-12 months of continuous growth, more than 90 percent of farmed fish develop deformities that make swimming more difficult.

These are big problems, but this is not a hit piece. If consumers want consistent access to salmon, farming isn't going anywhere. The future of farming technology is murkier than ever — open net farms are being phased out in BC, but the provincial government recently extended the closure deadline to 2029.

Jay: I'm not very happy with the way that the government plans around salmon because it's very much industry first, Indigenous peoples second. The DFO is industry-centered and industry-aligned.

Global warming is affecting the ability of salmon to return to streams, and there have been lower runs. We've seen it everywhere in BC. If you are focused on industry and you have lowering salmon stocks, what are you doing for Indigenous food sovereignty? You're leaving people to die essentially, when this has been their lives for millennia.

Technological intervention can take many forms. A weir is a row of sticks or stones placed into a river to obstruct fish and direct their passage. First Nations fishers on and around the Fraser river have used weirs for thousands of years to assist in monitoring salmon, screening for harvest at an appropriate size and sharing with upstream communities. They are a tool of resource management, not resource extraction.

Jay: By farming salmon, you just completely avoid the issue, because it's the same with hatcheries, too. You have to strike a balance between how many salmon are created artificially through the hatchery process and the farming process. How many wild salmon coming back to spawn that have nothing to do with humans? Because what's starting to happen is you have more of the human salmon.

... Bucket Sex?

Exactly. The ratio is starting to really flip. I'm not a fan of farmed salmon because of those reasons. There's been a lot of protests recently, and legislation has been quite lax in the past. I think that, on a personal level, the more I look into it, the more it needs to be something I eat very sparingly as a treat — because that's what it is. There's a way that that is the natural precedent in terms of seasonality. You can preserve it, you can smoke it, you can salt it, but in terms of eating fresh salmon, you're not doing that so much. By February, you might have the pemmican that you made, and that's it. I'm no expert. Obviously, this conversation is a lot bigger than what tastes good.

It is easy to rely on something without realising that it is mutable. Everyone loves salmon, but it's starting to feel like too much of a good thing. Consumers have a role to play in the future of salmon: its cultivation and its perception. It can't stay a weeknight meal forever. There are fragments of information that we need to learn to read: governmental regulations, local knowledge, advertising, recipes, stories, all waiting to be re-interpreted. The only sure thing is that the next snap shot in time will look completely different. ☺



Dear Airhead,

A while ago I came home to a police van parked outside my house. When I asked them what was going on they told me they were rescuing a cat. I thought they meant it got stuck in a tree and didn't think much of it until a week later. I was in the kitchen, talking to my eight roommates when I brought it up in passing. turns out the cat wasn't stuck in a tree, it had been kidnapped! My roommate heard the entire thing from her window: my landlord's cousin's daughter had stolen a former friend's cat and simply wouldn't give it back!

Anonymous

Was this in Kits? I'm telling you, there's something incredibly sinister going down on MILF mountain. You can't go three blocks without coming across a missing poster in the summertime. I've heard stories about cats getting scooped up by coons in broad daylight. There's rats on every corner and the pigs don't even bother showing up half the time. North of 4th ave I once saw a reward going for 2000 dollars. What a terrible, terrible time. I hope you and your roommate's landlord's cousin's daughter's former friend's cat isn't too shaken from the whole ordeal... if she's seriously interested in moving past this, there's a studio that specializes in cat pilates I've heard great things about...

Airhead.

Dear Airhead,

I'm in some deep shit. A couple of weeks ago one of the programmers took out a loan under our expense account. He said he needed to give out the prize for some writing contest. I must admit, 92 cents sounded like a ridiculously low amount of money to take out for a loan, but how could I have said no to someone so charming and personable?

December is always a mess. I must have been too swamped with grant writing and auditing to have noticed the interest rate on the loan... 18.1% is already a scary enough rate, but for it to compound *daily* over the course of sixty days? What started as 92 cents has ballooned into 20,000 dollars!

The CiTR board meeting is coming up and I don't know what to do. We would've been out of the red for the first time in decades had it not been for this loan. We quite literally don't have any more worklearns left to fire.

Jaspurrr

You remember when the board forgot to pay our broadcasting license two years in a row? We never told you this, but that "angel investor" was actually a loan shark, the programming manager met him on Hinge. He seemed nice at first, a catholic man from Surrey, real Donna Summer type, but that niceness was a front for something more twisted. How was I supposed to know I wasn't allowed to swear on-air, or that any sort of vulgarity would've condemned me to the crevices of hell? I didn't mean to call the programming manager a cunt; whether or not I meant it didn't matter though: my damnation was instantaneous. It'd be such a shame if no one ever submitted anything to that writing contest you speak of Jaspurrr, I can only image how pathetic that programmer of yours must be feeling right now. Regarding this little debt we've found ourselves in, I'd give the loan shark a lukewarm out of sizzling — he was very unprofessional after all — but I know

someone who'd be happy to have a quick discussion about their off-site accounting services. They provide remote accounting, bookkeeping, and tax filing services that help businesses cut costs by up to 40 %, without compromising compliance or quality. Open to a 15-minute chat to explore how they can help?

Airhead.

Hi baby,

How've you been, you get my gift? Was in town last week for a gig... soooooo glad I'm not working for [REDACTED] anymore. Everyone sounded like shit. The lead singer of [REDACTED] especially, man... I don't know, it's something about her voice. Guess she just reminded me of you. Anyway, the morning after I thought I'd stop by that cafe we used to go to, the one near the lake. Ordered your favourite: the fish special with the hot chocolate. I noticed they were leveling out their tables with some copies of the Discorder mag. You've always had a way with words baby, it has to be you behind this, no? I could almost taste your bitterness through the page...

Listen, things are heating up on this side of paradise. It's gotten so bad here even [INSERT JOKE ABOUT PORTLAND]. I don't know. I'm thinking about moving back to Van, you looking for a roommate? We can forget about the tabis.

Yours
Ernie

Sending me your fiance's copy of *Giovanni's Room* after you abandoned me in that shoebox of yours was a real class act, Ernesto. Save me the waltz, I'm not your sex kitten anymore. What possible reason could I have to ever take you back? Every single bone in my body shattered because of you, I was in the hospital for months. [REDACTED] and her evil twink sued my ass into oblivion because of you. And here I am, trapped, fulfilling my community service hours, writing for this shithole magazine because of you. I have quite literally been to hell and back and not even the devil could have devised a punishment as cruel as forcing me to live out your pitiful dreams. I'm starting to believe it was *you* who put a curse on that lake Ernie, that it was *your* hopes for a better world that were buried in that sinkhole. Does your publisher know who actually wrote that book of yours? Or should I be saying *what*? You can't even call this magazine by its proper name. There is no *The* before *Discorder Magazine* the same way there's no *you* in *my future*. You can keep those ugly tabis, pussy. Shove them right up your wrinkly cloaca.

Airhead.

Dear Diary,

I think my ex is the reason *Calabash* shut down. I wouldn't be surprised if they caught wind that he was coming back to Van and couldn't bear the thought of him at another one of their open mics. He's been on some Alicia Keys shit recently, talking about ordering a fish special from a joint I've never been to before. Maybe he took his other girl there, I don't care. He left me to die out in the wilderness (Kitsilano) so he could be with her. Oh how I hate him... I can't even listen to *Bird's Eye* anymore because of him. I had tickets to see her,

you know, Ravyn Lenae, for my birthday, and while I told everyone I had my friends and my fans, my artist residency and the ankle monitor keeping me here, what really kept shackled me to this dump was that my heart couldn't have made it to Paris on its own, at least not without him. I've tried everything to let go: tarnishing his reputation, investing in the logging industry, working on my body, applying to jobs. When it finally hit me he wasn't coming back I watched *Moonlight* three times in a row and cried myself to sleep.

The worst part about all this is that I've arguably suffered worse. When I broke that shark's morality clause, immediately I felt the air grow stale and my bbl reverse. I was expecting them to whip me over a spit, for all my bones to shatter again, and for them to stretch my muscles into a harpsichord. I thought Rick James himself was going to descend from the 7th circle to tickle my ligaments and screech back at me all the music I wrote when I was fourteen. I did not burn though, nor did they turn my innards into a violin. Those luxuries were reserved for lesser sinners. No, those little devils did something much worse than reformer pilates. They brought out the reason why you might sometimes find me dejected at Koerner's pub, why I left Boiler Room early in 2024 (pre-cancellation) and didn't even bother going to Gor-Go-Mish last June. What emerged from one of those evil ditches was a trance and hardtech DJ from Ontario: a reminder of a time I'd been instrumentalised in a much more ordinary way. If only they had brought out my ex then.

Despite the fact that he abandoned me, didn't come to visit me in the hospital, didn't bother testifying on my behalf when his best friend's hag took me to court, listens to Benson Boone, uses google gemini to write in his diary, calls himself a writer, is largely talentless, and has caused at least 2 speakeasies to shut down as a result — what kept me desperately clinging on to the possibility of 'us' was the fact that at least he never did *that* to me. As I came to find out, the bar was empirically, ontologically, and quite literally in hell. Still, I can't help but feel I wasted all I had to offer to the world on him. My mother wanted me to go to art school. My father wanted me to study fashion design. And now I'm here, writing for a magazine nobody reads, dancing my heart out for hearts that don't beat.

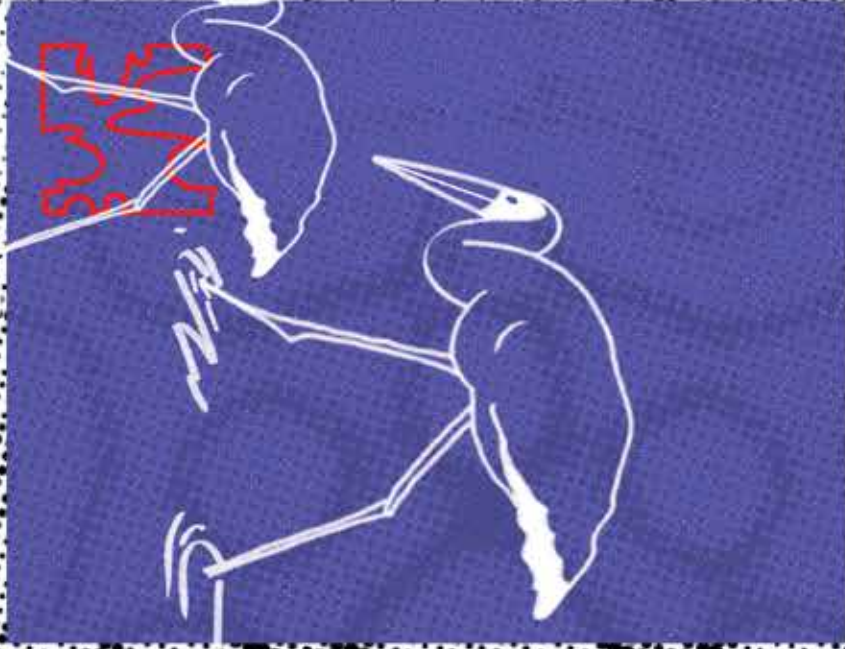
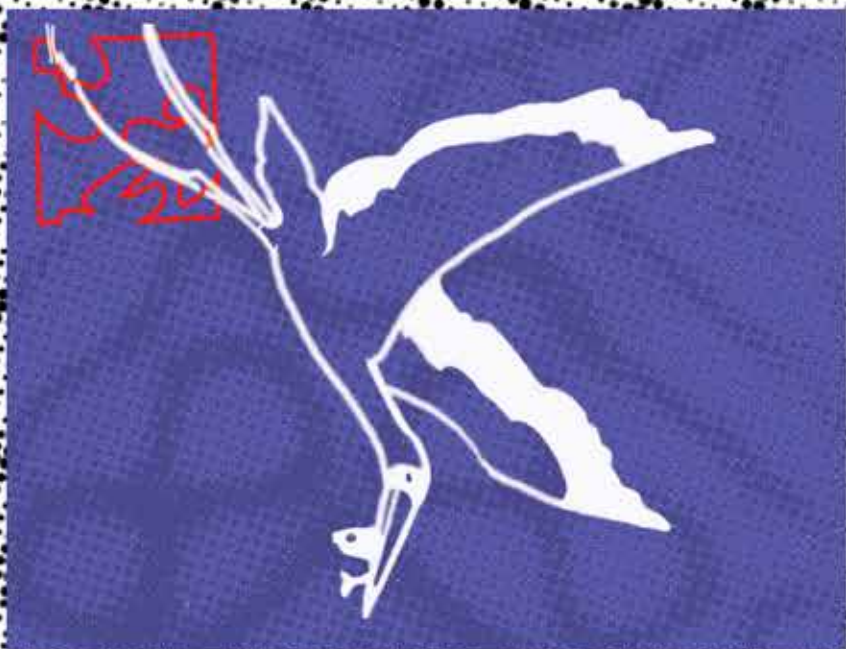
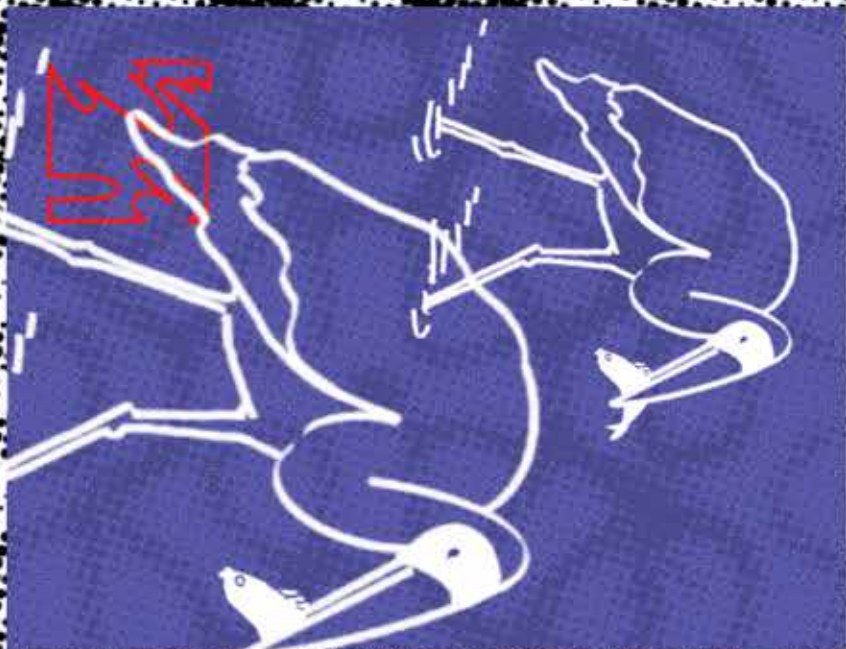
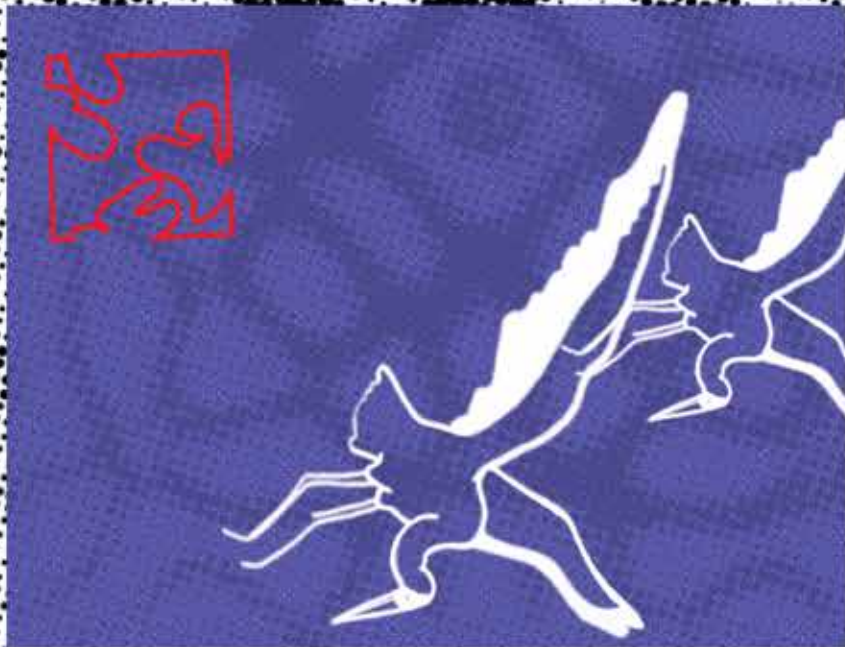
Airhead.

DEAREST CiTR (Exec specifically, you know who you are xx) THANK YOU!!

Thanks to all your love, support, immaculate vibes all around, you truly made my time here. Could go on forever, but let's tone the drama down for now, just wanted to sneak in a little goodbye to tho-

Not even two years on the wall and your letter wound up in the recycling. I'm sorry that my love for you couldn't stop the mice from gnawing at your signature. My mentor... my confidante... friend. Who would I be without your cloak-and-dagger? Where would I be without your words? Your cards... I wish they were here to guide me. How much more washed up do I have to be for my shards to turn into sand? My iron lung, tell me that it really does get better on the other side.

Airhead.





FEBRUARY – 2026		24		CITR 101.9 FM & DISCORDER MAGAZINE’S FUNDRIVE 2026	
01		C) SHAME @THE PEARL		C) SPILL TAB @FOX CABARET	
02		C) SUDAN ARCHIVES @THE PEARL		C) B.A. JOHNSTON/MR.AWESOME @THE HEATLEY	
03		C) HOGAN’S ALLEY: LEGACY INTERRUPTED, A FUTURE REIMAGINED @MARIANNE AND EDWARD GIBSON ART MUSEUM		C) GORILLA BISCUITS/IGNITE @THE PEARL	
04		C) UPU COLLECTIVE @YORK THEATRE		03	
05		C) NEW & KNOWN SONG SHARE @GREEN AUTO		C) CITR 101.9 FM & DISCORDER MAGAZINE’S FUNDRIVE 2026	
06		C) GLACIAL MUTILATION 2026 @VARIOUS		C) WHEEL @BILTMORE	
07		C) KAMA SUTRA MURDER/OFTEN WRONG/POLLY POCKET/GNAWING @GREEN AUTO		04	
C) ACCUSED A.D./FULLY CRAZED/NOBODY @LANALOUS		C) DEAD END DRIVE-IN/JULIUS SUMNER MILLER/JESSE LEBOURDAIS/NIGHT MIRRORS @RED GATE		C) CITR 101.9 FM & DISCORDER MAGAZINE’S FUNDRIVE 2026	
C) DEATH SENTENCE/STOLEN GOODS/SUPER DISTORTER/IN THE FLESH @CHILL HOUSE		C) CHRONIC FATIGUE/EXIT STRATEGY/SLOWICIDE/GØØ @RED GATE		C) TOMBOY (CHTOPCZYCA) @VANCITY CULTURE LAB	
08		C) THE BARBER OF SEVILLE @SHADBOLT CENTRE FOR THE ARTS [FEB 21-28]		C) THE RETURN OF VIBE CORRIDOR @LIDO	
C) NIGHTFEEDER/PHANE/GOLERS/VOLTAGE/BRUTALIZE/GIRLWIFE @COBALT		C) DON’T SWEAT IT/MAKE IT RIGHT/NEXT OBJECTIVE/EVERY EFFORT MADE @RED GATE		C) BENEE @HOLLYWOOD THEATRE	
09		C) DON’T SWEAT IT/MAKE IT RIGHT/NEXT OBJECTIVE/EVERY EFFORT MADE @RED GATE		05	
C) VENNA @FORTUNE SOUND		C) MARTY SUPREME @THE RIO		C) CITR 101.9 FM & DISCORDER MAGAZINE’S FUNDRIVE 2026	
10		C) SIRÂT @VIFF CENTRE		C) FUNDRIVE FINALE W/ DJS + KARAOKE @THE PAINTED SHIP	
C) WARRIOR FESTIVAL (START) @THE CULTCH		C) INFIDELS JAZZ @THE HEATLEY		C) CHEAP THRILLS DANCE PARTY @FOX CABARET	
12		C) CAT POWER @COMMODORE BALLROOM		C) BRASSER/DEAD CHURCHES/DEAD FAST @BULLY’S	
C) ALL THEM WITCHES @VOGUE THEATRE		C) ALL THEM WITCHES @VOGUE THEATRE		C) TORTOISE/SPACEMOTH @THE PEARL	
13		C) ALL THEM WITCHES @VOGUE THEATRE		07	
C) MAYHEM: LADY GAGA DANCE PARTY @BIRDHOUSE		C) GUILTY PLEASURES: 90S DANCE PARTY @FOX CABARET		C) MAYHEM: LADY GAGA DANCE PARTY @BIRDHOUSE	
C) NEEV DOHERTY @THE PAINTED SHIP		C) AZSHARA/A MOURNING STAR/EMPTY CHAMBER/THE BLONDE DIES FIRST @BULLY’S		C) GUILTY PLEASURES: 90S DANCE PARTY @FOX CABARET	
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11		C) AZSHARA/A MOURNING STAR/EMPTY CHAMBER/THE BLONDE DIES FIRST @BULLY’S		11	
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14		C) AZSHARA/A MOURNING STAR/EMPTY CHAMBER/THE BLONDE DIES FIRST @BULLY’S		14	
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16		C) AZSHARA/A MOURNING STAR/EMPTY CHAMBER/THE BLONDE DIES FIRST @BULLY’S		16	
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17		C) AZSHARA/A MOURNING STAR/EMPTY CHAMBER/THE BLONDE DIES FIRST @BULLY’S		17	
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18		C) AZSHARA/A MOURNING STAR/EMPTY CHAMBER/THE BLONDE DIES FIRST @BULLY’S		18	
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19		C) AZSHARA/A MOURNING STAR/EMPTY CHAMBER/THE BLONDE DIES FIRST @BULLY’S		19	
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31		C) AZSHARA/A MOURNING STAR/EMPTY CHAMBER/THE BLONDE DIES FIRST @BULLY’S		31	
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38		C) AZSHARA/A MOURNING STAR/EMPTY CHAMBER/THE BLONDE DIES FIRST @BULLY’S		38	
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42		C) AZSHARA/A MOURNING STAR/EMPTY CHAMBER/THE BLONDE DIES FIRST @BULLY’S		42	
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10 C JUNG KAI @HOLLYWOOD THEATRE	19 C KATIE TUPPER @FORTUNE SOUND CLUB	C THE TWO LIPS @FORTUNE SOUND CLUB	C GOLDFINGER/BROADWAY CALLS @COMMODORE BALLROOM
11 C INDIGO DE SOUZA/MOTHE @HOLLYWOOD THEATRE	20 C GOLDEN: 80S/90S/00S HIP HOP DANCE PARTY @FOX CABARET	30 C	18 C NOBRO @FOX CABARET
12 C ELISAPIE @VOGUE	21 C JOHN OTWAY AND FRIENDS @FOX CABARET	31 C WHERE IN WORLD IS GELLI HAHA TOUR @FORTUNE SOUND CLUB	C AFI @COMMODORE BALLROOM
C JANE INC./DEVOURS/YAWN @FOX CABARET	C 90S VS 00S NIGHT @FOX CABARET	C STOMACH BOOK @ST. JAMES HALL	C THE CASUALTIES/THE DROWNS @THE PEARL
13 C PARTY ROCK: A TRIBUTE TO THE 2010S @FOX CABARET	22 C TEETH TO YOUR THROAT/HORSE/A RECORDED DAWN/TAKING TIGER MOUNTAIN @GYM C	C PARLOR GREENS @FOX CABARET	19 C THE MESSHETICS/JAMES BRANDON LEWIS @WISE HALL
C REDVEIL @FORTUNE SOUND CLUB	C SLOW CRUSH/SHE'S GREEN/SPITE HOUSE @THE PEARL	C MIND ENTERPRISES @FORTUNE SOUND CLUB	21 C FANTASTIC NEGrito @BILTMORE CABARET
C PRAIRIE PRINCESS/?NUMB?DAME?/THE ARBUCKLES/RAVINE ANGEL/2GIRLS1DAM @TAKE YOUR TIME	23 C RUNO PLUM @FOX CABARET	C 06	24 C CATTLE DECAPITATION/BRUJERIA/NO CURE @RICKSHAW
C THE DREADNOUGHTS//LOS FURTOS/BALKAN SHMALKAN/SPACE CHIMP/THE DIRTY ARTICHOKEs @RICKSHAW	C 24	C CODEFEDANTS @THE PEARL	C OLD MAN GLOOM/EROSION/TRIGGER OBJECT @THE PEARL
C PEACHES @COMMODORE BALLROOM	C PEARLY DROPS @FOX CABARET	C 07	29 C ALICE PHOEBE LOU @VOGUE THEATRE
C ORA COGAN/POND SCUM/SOVEREIGN ACE @THE PEARL	C DOOM SCROLL/TJ FELIX/?NUMB?DAME? @GREEN AUTO	C CODEFEDANTS @PUNK ROCK PASTRIES	C 30
14 C STACKED PRES. FRICTION @FORTUNE SOUND CLUB	25 C GOLDIE BOUTILIER @HOLLYWOOD THEATRE	C NETSPEND @VOGUE THEATRE	C BLACK FLAG @RICKSHAW THEATRE
C THE DREADNOUGHTS//LOS FURTOS/BALKAN SHMALKAN/SPACE CHIMP/THE DIRTY ARTICHOKEs @RICKSHAW	C MACHINE GIRL/LUSTSICKPUPPY/SEXILE @HARBOR CENTRE	C 09	C MAY - 2 0 2 6
C GIRLS TO THE FRONT FESTIVAL W/ WAIT// LESS/PISS/DOWN THE LEES/JISEI/GADFLY/TALL MARY/CHERRY PICK/CRIMSON FUNERAL/SEMI/GHOST TEETH @THE PEARL	26 C ALIEN BOYS/MEAN BIKINI/CHAIRMAN/COP SHUVIT @GREEN AUTO	C 11	02 C ZBR FEST 2026 @RED GATE
15 C	27 C NON-STOP DISCO PARTY @FOX CABARET	C OCEANIC AND BORDERLINE @FOX CABARET	03 C ZBR FEST 2026 @RED GATE
16 C	C ACOPIA @FORTUNE SOUND CLUB	C ROCHELLE JORDAN @FORTUNE SOUND CLUB	C 3
C	C BLOODRHINE/SBYL/CULTOVAR @RED GATE	C WHEATUS/CHIEF STATE @THE PEARL	15 C SPECTRAL WOUND/NACHTLICH/NOCTURNAL DEPARTURE/TITHE/SCALDING/DIRGE @RICKSHAW
17 C SPIRITUAL CRAMP/BASS DRUM OF DEATH/FENTANYL @WISE HALL	28 C MARISSA NADLER @FOX CABARET	C 16	25 C PURITY RING @HOLLYWOOD THEATRE
18 C WALT HAMBURGER/DANNY BOY/MORGAN ASTON FARRELL @THE HEATLEY	C KIDS ON FIRE/PET BLESSINGS/SUNDIVER/CONTRA CODE @GREEN AUTO	C PRVYT @FOX CABARET	
29 C	C CONTRA CODE @GREEN AUTO	C 17	
C	C CANCER BATS @THE PEARL	C	

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UPCOMING EVENTS

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19

WICKED DRAG SHOW

COMMUNITY

FEB
20

JUST FOR LAUGHS OLA DADA

COMEDY

FEB
23

CRAFT CLUB CINEMA SOME LIKE IT HOT

FILM/COMMUNITY

FEB
27

QT CABARET QUEER AS FUNK

MUSIC/COMMUNITY

MAR
13

EMO NIGHT ST. PATRICKS DAY EDITION

DJ

MAR
16

CRAFT CLUB CINEMA

COMMUNITY/FILM

MAR
17

KNEECAP MOVIE

FILM

MAR
21

DONNY BENÉT

MUSIC

MAR
27

DAFT DISKO

DJ

APR
10

ELECTRO BRONCO COUNTRY EDM NIGHT

DJ/COUNTRY



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Abbas Akhavan's One Hundred Years

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY ANNA PONTIN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY NATALIA PEYŠ

My phone camera broke a few months ago, so all my pictures from Abbas Akhavan's exhibit "One Hundred Years" turn out blurry and dark. Thankfully, I have Calla, my friend and Belkin gallery attendant, to talk to while I wait for my split-second opportunity to capture a focused reference picture.

The Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery on UBC campus features rotating exhibitions of contemporary art, and this year their curators scored Akhavan, an acclaimed Canadian-Iranian visual artist who will soon be representing Canada at the 61st International Art Exhibition (La Biennale di Venezia). As Calla walks me through the gallery space, she tells me about the effort that goes into maintaining Akhavan's pieces. Every Monday, a portion of the floor near the entrance of the gallery is repainted white so that it stays continuous with the curving wall of "STUDIO;" towering monsteras uncurl and are watered; a recurring puddle under "SPRING" needs mopping; attendants clean handprints off a two-way mirror and reload "ZOO's" four-panel livestream. As we talk, Calla checks taxidermied animals to make sure no fur or feather has been ruffled and keeps a watchful eye on the lit candles slipping sideways off of "ONE HUNDRED YEARS," a giant ten-layer cake made to replicate Aurora's animated birthday treat from *Sleeping Beauty*.

I ask the most questions about "SPRING:" six concentric rings of copper piping attached by black tubes to a water chiller whirring loudly behind a wall, which lends the whole gallery the feeling of an industrial backroom. Although the pipes shake with the force of the water running through them, nothing is released by the fountain spouts in "SPRING's" central apparatus. Instead the water congeals into ice, coating the sculpture and radiating cold the same way a car engine radiates heat. I take a shitty picture; it fails to capture the compulsive, frustrated energy of the non-fountain.

Less successful than "SPRING," in my opinion, is the toppling cake, which despite its titular status, looks a bit more like a



made-for-Instagram novelty than a piece that belongs with the other passively energetic parts of the exhibit. Maybe I'm just ideologically opposed. Calla tells me some visitors don't like Akhavan's work because the exhibit is billed as an exploration of "suspended time," and too many pieces are actually moving. I respectfully assume those people liked the cake more than me.

Concerning time, I'd rather spend it with Akhavan's animals. "ZOO" is a non-stop livestream of different contrived animal habitats, and I watch a few monkeys loping around behind a chain-link fence, partially obscured by a pixelated blob in the top-left corner where in-person zoo attendees have been blurred for privacy. Calla says sometimes the blur doesn't work and you can make out real people, and I wonder aloud if any of them know they're on a livestream being projected in an art gallery. Probably not, we guess. The other, less mobile creatures are taxidermied and arranged in hidden corners, part of a set called "THE FATIGUES" Akhavan created in 2014.

Like landscapes, women, and bowls of fruit, animals make great artistic subjects. We freeze them, weigh them down with metaphors and put them on display as proud and tragic representatives of their Species, Kind, or Nature Itself. In 2002 Akhavan took a metal birdcage and filled it with concrete until it became a huge square brick. There's something very impressive about the birdcage sculpture, (Untitled, 2002) commanding not so much admiration as a kind of humility; forcing eyes away by seeming to say, 'look somewhere else, pervert.'

A few weeks ago when I saw a dead crow on the street with its wings spread out, I took a picture and my friend Margo said "No! Just leave it!" I think she was right, but can't figure out why.

Surveillance is heavy on the mind of Akhavan's exhibit — and heavy on my mind, too. As I move through the carefully staged artworks, I feel like I'm on a set; there are green-screens and curving white walls like in a photography studio, and the cake is arranged across from a two-way mirror. At first it's fun, and I feel like

a participant in art-making, but the more taxidermied animals I spot hidden like abandoned coats behind doorframes or under benches, the more I feel like someone is making me into an image, and not the other way around. I stop feeling inspired to take blurry pictures.

Part of the anxiety "One Hundred Years" inspires in me is the creeping reminder that I've terminally, irreversibly smeared traces of myself across the internet. There are articles I've published about my political views and articles criticizing my political views; there are interviews I've conducted that I hate, there are interviews profiling me where I'm quoted about my sexuality, my upbringing, and my opinions on things I know nothing about. Like everyone else I know, I'm about 97% sure my phone listens



to my conversations. Even if I deleted every picture off my social media accounts, pictures of me would remain, and at this point it feels better to maintain a slice of control over my digital presence than to release it into the hands of tagged photos and the Google search bar.

"ZOO" is a cage inside another cage, even if its inhabitants don't know it. More than erase myself from the internet, I wish I could fill it up with concrete so next time someone tries to look they'll be reminded that their pet bird is somewhere else, moving around.

But Akhavan's exhibit isn't just about surveillance, it's also about time. Specifically, the way turning things into images (through

surveillance, or even through artmaking) is an attempt to stop it. "LOOP," an infinitely recurring waterfall is a natural-looking object set against a green screen. It could be anywhere or nowhere, Calla points out, like a gif. Anytime or no time.

One of my professors told our class that time doesn't matter anymore because humans have flattened it into space. Having seen the exhibition himself, he observed that Akhavan exerts absolute power over time by freezing it like a god — revealing its susceptibility to human perception.

I don't agree with this professor, who is a postmodernist and thinks Einstein was the end of temporal physics. I think that time is objectively real and acts on us like gravity, weight, cancer, or god. Even the internet is subject to time, and exists, like we do, in an emergent "animal world:" the place where real scrounging creatures live and die. Every image it contains and produces, whether through generative AI or infinite iCloud storage, relies, just like any other temporal body, on huge amounts of energy and finite natural resources: sucking up water just to freeze it into ice.



In the same way, the pieces in "One Hundred Years" are the result of extreme human and technological energy applied to produce images that only seem to slip out of time, but really are being battered every second by the overwhelming force of it. "SPRING," radiating cold, constantly leaking, is subject to time. The animals in "ZOO" slip from our field of vision and retreat to their animal world, whose essential feature (according to Lacan, who coined the term) is that it cannot be assimilated into man-made fields of images and symbols.

The taxidermied "FATIGUES" are more successfully (although still only partially) saved from decay, but at what cost? These animals are dead and hiding from us, terminally exhausted by the symbolic weight we impress on their bodies, which happen to make for perfectly gothic Instagram posts.

There are places to go if you'd like to feel that you've stepped out of time (the Legion on Broadway and Alma, for instance), but while Akhavan is still featured, the Belkin is not one.

If you do end up visiting the Belkin Gallery, be kind to the attendants, who are extremely busy and do more mopping than you might expect. ☺



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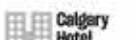
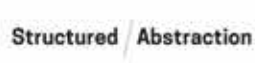


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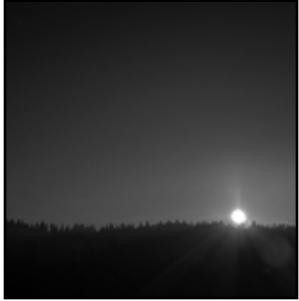


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Under Review

SECTION ILLUSTRATIONS BY MIA MCSKIMMINGS



Nic Savoie

DETERIORATION COMPLEX

SELF-RELEASED | SEPT. 22, 2025

It's 2026 and it seems like sound learned how to behave, how to become background, how to stay useful. Nic Savoie's ambient drone release, *Deterioration Complex*, resists that

training. If you're paying attention, it's not as soothing as first listen might suggest. This is music that feels like it doesn't arrive so much as it's already been there, wearing the room thin. It's easily placed as background music, but so much more interesting when you turn and look at it. It's a project that pulls itself into the foreground not by intervention, but through slow, deliberate slippages.

The album opens without ornamentation; it's looping logic testing the strength of Meredith Bates' violin in "Grab Bag." It's eerie-lite, the track feels like entering a room where objects have already been removed. Bates' violin doesn't lead so much as hover, notes tentative, weaving in and out while electronics pool underneath. A signpost of the neo-classical genre: this is deterioration as texture. Nothing breaks, nothing shocks, and everything is already slightly compromised. There is a quality I would use to describe something going on in *Deterioration Complex*: decay without spectacle. Devastation while holding still. There are no sudden ruptures, no cinematic swells, no horror cues. Instead, Savoie commits to a quieter, stranger proposition: that decay is a condition, not an event.

"Endmost, Recur" is the album's most overt engagement with looping, though it resists the clean hypnotism of Reichian repetition. Cello lines bend inward, folding back on themselves with a sense of fatigue rather than insistence. The loop here doesn't promise transcendence; it suggests entrapment, or maybe obligation. It's hard to tell, everything just being in the air like it is. When "Family Portrait" begins, there is no clear melody to cling to, active listening becoming much harder, it almost allows emotion to surface without clarifying it. Memory here is felt, not recalled. A chest-deep growl that feels less sung than held ripples through the track. A river under ice, an engine of impossible cicadas, broken at the moment of "Salve," aptly titled, at once antiseptic and stinging. *Deterioration Complex* treats decay not as an aesthetic but as a structural principle, there is no catharsis here, only a steady, intimate unravelling. Look around at all of the faces and all of the sounds and suddenly you're right there with everybody and you're alive and you're moving.—VERONICA MIN



Lilex & The Apocalips

Time Memorial

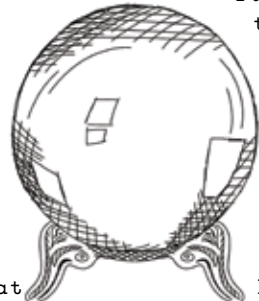
SELF-RELEASED | DEC. 31, 2025

I didn't sleep last night. My friend with the shaved head sent me their new favorite song on Discord and my ears got fuzzed. I can't listen anymore. I think it's got me too

spilled? Like, matches where I am too thickly. I don't know if it was the best choice. Maybe I was just dizzy and cold.

My dad dropped me off out front today and as I pushed my head through, the air caught me with wire hands. Depth of crowds around me, but clearly unmoved. And so, with my fat ATH-M50xs, I put on some ambience. On the Eastside, it's still Thanksgiving, though we aren't sure what to celebrate. My friends drank literally everything on the table and, of course, the wall started to move. But I'm 19. I am sitting with someone who loves me, and really, we are moving through it together. In my body for once, I wade past the things that owned me. It floods, but it's really not quite the same. The beat picks up a bit later, and she picks me up too.

A feeling I can visit, but stay unmoved.



Time Memorial by Lilex and the Apocalips is a wonderful time capsule of the adolescent-mentally-ill-ninth/tenth grade experience, complete with Duster, Mitski, and Alex G influence. The ambient instrumentals transcend the listener to a completely new place — or rather, a place they may recognize, but no longer reside. Having been there before, I felt as though I was taking a little visit to my roots (neon green at that.) Important to note, there is a Christmas song on this album! I generally avoided Christmas music in that period of my life, as the first Noël did not really grant pause to the forlorn-ness of girl-dom. It's a sad Christmas for the Apocalips, but still one that sparkles, bringing it more into Imogen Heap's "Just for Now" territory. As the project unfolds, we hear this electronic influence only permeate further (the best recession indicator tbh.) Track 2: "IEBENWATINALNIYTE," was my personal favorite as it not only blended ambient, shoegaze influence with electronic brightness, but also was very catchy! As the vowels "A, E, I, O, U" were sung over a spoken point in the song, I could not help but call to "Child Psychology," by Black Box Recorder — perhaps an ironic comparison, given that this album placed me back in the mindset of the child with psychological disturbance.

"You'll come around for me baby," — keen phrasing, as the line continues to come around and around, and is always welcomed! The track modulates the melody uniquely in its different sections, taking the listener on a real journey with moments to stop, stall, and reflect.

A lovely way to visit a not so lovely place. Thanks for the trip, Lilex and the Apocalips. If you want to give your past a visit, or, if you haven't been through the disturbances, if you would like to give my past a visit, give these guys a listen. —ROZ GOLSHANI



Meltt

Up All Night

NETTWERK | JAN. 2, 2026

Albums bring people on a journey, where they find a piece of themselves, or are shown an emotion that they resonate with and Meltt's *Up All Night* is no exception. In this collection of singles, Meltt brings together consecutive thoughts and emotions while exploring different instrumentation and melodic sounds. Upon each listen people can put together a new piece of the puzzle, which is the story that Meltt is trying to convey to their audience. With an exceptional storytelling ability, Meltt makes the listener feel as though they are eavesdropping on a conversation, while simultaneously feeling these intimate moments in their soul and becoming part of that exchange.

In *Up All Night*, there is a choice to live alongside the narrative, or to listen to the journey and find similarities and recognition in not only the feelings in the lyrics, but in the emotionally packed instrumentals. Meltt's use of melodics, especially in their single "Up All Night" demonstrates how they go beyond storytelling which exists solely in the lyrics. Instrumental choices encourage dancing, but they're matched with melancholy lyrics and vocals. It's these storytelling elements that bring a wave of emotions upon the listener. Their lyrics can seem broad, but they contain deeply personal interpretations that can resonate with a broader audience. The intentionality behind these lyricism choices should not be belittled and instead questioned in order to build a further understanding of the story Meltt is conveying. As seen in the title track of this collection of singles, Meltt explores the use of tense in lines such as; "Times we've had / Are yet to come, I know." They are purposeful in demonstrating the feeling of being in a vicious cycle and staying stagnant. Their lyrics contain sentiments about enjoying being youthful, as explored in the track "In Your Arms." This track stands out upon the first listen, not only because of the synths that are tastefully used

in the background of the track paired with the strumming of a calming guitar that carries out throughout the entire collection of songs. Meltt offers a variety of instrumental combinations, while simultaneously not sticking to one sound for too long maintaining a consistent sonic identity. The track “Goodbye” highlights their futuristic sound, while also utilizing classic instruments and sounds that expand the listener’s mind to new sounds with a hint of familiarity.

Meltt brings listeners back to four minute tracks and does not waste a minute, as they guide listeners through a complex life journey. They map their way into the inner workings of people’s brain, such as in the track “By Your Side”; where the end of the track feels like floating through a time capsule of memories, as heard in “Within You, Within Me.” Their songs feel like an intimate experience where it is just the listener and the track, as the melancholy vocals deliver these lyrics like a whisper in people’s ear of all their deepest and darkest thoughts. Meltt are intentional with the way they deliver their message in each song, with the acceleration of the sound of the drums in “Within You, Within Me” and the backing vocals, which creates the sense of other voices in people’s mind that enhance the intent behind the track “Hesitate”. Meltt does not veer away from melodic risks, after a heavy bass, drums and big sonics that mirror Coldplay and melancholy feelings that are akin to The 1975, throughout “Hesitate” the sounds pause to bring emphasis to the silence. This is unexpected and startles listeners when they constantly expect to hear noise. Meltt feeds off of these human expectations and does the opposite, which is refreshing to the listener. Similarly in the track “Love Again” lyrics; “We’re both very young for now” hanging in the air. Their use of time in their songs is haunting, which feels uncertain and it feeds off this human fear, since the track never grants the satisfaction of an answer. The outro of the track is softer compared to the other tracks, paired with vocals that hypnotize the listener to push these worries away for now and explore them another day.

Meltt does reassure the audience’ fears at times throughout this record, but overall they provide unique feelings within the lyrics or instrumentals – and when they work together it creates a captivating story. It is clear that they wrote the tracks for themselves, but the humanity packed in each track is what draws this connection between listener and artist. Meltt creates this nerve wracking exchange of life stories with their listeners, even though the listener does not say anything they feel as vulnerable listening to each track.—SELENA SALLAY



Chronic Fatigue

Surrender to Serenity
SELF-RELEASED | 2025

At first glance, there’s nothing serene about Chronic Fatigue. I’ve been in the pit for a few of their gigs, and they’re big, sweaty, frenetic affairs. Chronic Fatigue puts on some of the most fun shows in the Vancouver hardcore scene – lots of dancing, lots of beer (chugged on stage, straight from the can or the dog bowl), and not a lot of shirts. So I was intrigued, on first listen to their 2025 EP *Surrender to Serenity*, to see how well the music held up without all the trappings of a live performance.

One of the most successful aspects of the EP, in my opinion, was that the band’s signature wild energy survived the recording process. *Surrender to Serenity* pulls no punches. Listening to an EP is, of course, a markedly different experience from attending a gig, but the band’s manic energy is one thing that stays consistent. Their genre-bending sound, combining hip hop influences with hardcore punk, is stronger here than in previous releases, though the clever rapid-fire lyrics and simple, punchy choruses remain a staple.

The EP opens with “Bus Beers,” an explosive ode to the joys of drinking on public transit. It’s admittedly a tad gimmicky, but I’ve got a major soft spot for this one, and I’ll stand by it. It’s fun and raucous, silly and angry, with mounting energy throughout that translates surprisingly well into recorded form. “Bus Beers” is a song made for the mosh pit, and I think the track suffers a bit for this – it gives the track a palpable energy that I really enjoyed, but it feels just a bit too long. The second track, “Substance Slave,” is probably the most straightforwardly punk song on the EP. It’s also the darkest and most introspective, but because it’s Chronic Fatigue, it’s still a lot of fun.

“Arc Flash” was the biggest surprise on the EP, and probably the standout track for me. The group’s hip hop influences are strongest in this track, and they seamlessly interweave a noisy, classically punk guitar instrumental with a groovy bassline

and irreverent lyrics (Robbin’ 7-Eleven just for some smokes / Committin’ 9/11 just for the fuckin’ jokes). It’s completely brash and silly and inventive, confirming that Chronic Fatigue is at their best with tongue firmly in cheek. The final track, “Serenity,” is also a great time. It’s a bright, fast-paced song, nothing serene about the sound, but the optimism shines through, with lyrics advising that “It all comes from letting go / just sit back and enjoy the show.” The song’s coda is designed for moshing, with an accelerated tempo and chaotic guitar licks, but it works really well here, letting the band close off the EP by keying things up to a fever pitch.

With this release, Chronic Fatigue prove that their artistry is just as exciting as their stage presence. *Surrender to Serenity* is big, loud, and fresh, but above all, it’s a good time.— ANNABEL SMITH



The Hausplants

Into Equilibrium
SELF-RELEASED | FEB. 7, 2025

Before delving into The Hausplants’ latest release, *Into Equilibrium* (2025), I first dipped back into the glowing shadows of their first EP, *Bright, Indirect Light* (2023). This provided a useful foundation to compare where the 2025 EP soars and where it stagnates – and it certainly does both. *Into Equilibrium* shows strong lyricism and glimpses of new dimensions for the band’s sound, but I found myself wanting a deeper expansion of their indie “sun-soaked and macabre” music.

It starts off strong – the opening track, “October,” is a quiet return home that I really enjoyed. It’s ethereal and ambient, like a scene moving in slow motion with the clear, harmonious vocals. The lyrics across this EP are full of imagery, delving into specific visuals like “Concrete eyelids, concrete spine / [...] / Mosquito men and sugar talkers.” I could paste other vivid lines here, but I will conclude by saying the song, while pleasant to read through, was more pleasant to take in – the understated instrumental works as the drum beat creates underlying anticipation.

The dreaminess continues into the next track. The muffled vocal effect at the beginning adds a retro quality to the music; it’s an upbeat song that had me dancing, but I was wishing for more sonic variety from the band at this point. The lyrics and vocals shine, but the sound stays in place, yielding nothing new or unexpected in the floaty, harmonious strings.

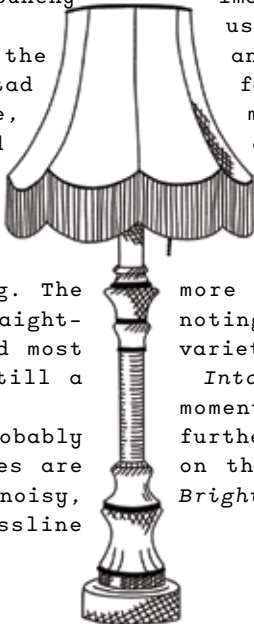
“Hypocrite” is a new dimension of spookiness for The Hausplants. The vocals wail and there’s a lot of instrumental potential for Halloween rock that I’d like to see explored. “Hypocrite” features the first taste of trumpet, which adds needed variety. I’m a fan of that final sung high note, though part of me wishes the song ended right after that; right now, it lingers and fades out in an expected, natural conclusion. Continuing past that note breaks the spooky quality of the song for me, making it more theatrical. It’s not a bad ending, but in providing proper closure to the song, I found it less satisfying.

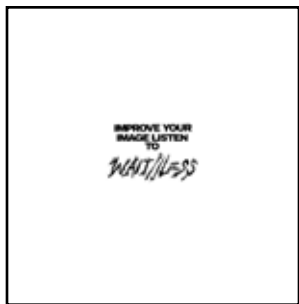
The strength of “Normalcy” is that it’s conversational. The spoken, rushed quality of the line “It was a matter of time... anyway...” stood out in a fun way. The upbeat sounds contrast the dread in the lyrics effectively. The ending builds up with the lines “I know that it’s beneath you / But tell me everything you don’t know” and continues to heighten the intensity of what has, up until this point, been a rather chill song, until it ends abruptly. This mirrors the final lyric “Brown-eyed darling it’ll never amount to anything.”

“Too Close to the Sun” has the same poeticism as other tracks, and though it’s a pleasant track, I struggled to connect with it at first. It lacked idiosyncrasy – the song features their image-specific lyricism, but I didn’t immediately hear their usual mix of darkness and light. It sounds surface-level and obvious. But maybe that’s the point; the beginning is a facade, broken toward the end with the lines “You’ll never see me fall / You’ll never see me falter” repeated over and over as the instrumental builds into a bright, layered crescendo.

The title track “Into Equilibrium” concludes the EP and provides another dimension of sound. The trumpet is back and better than ever. It has its own voice as it finishes out the song, and I’d love to see The Hausplants dabble more with orchestral instruments in the future. It’s worth noting that the trumpet was done by a guest musician, but the variety it adds is a stellar highlight.

Into Equilibrium is a likable EP. I enjoyed it, but there are moments in this series of songs I wish the band reached into further. I’m still firmly a fan and I hope they keep honing in on their sound, but there was more brilliance to be found in *Bright, Indirect Light*. —ELITA MENEZES





WAIT//LESS

Improve Your Image Listen to Wait//Less

WAIT//LESS ENTERPRISES | AUG. 2025

Side effects may include hearing damage: Listen to Wait//Less's debut album for a guaranteed transformation.

A sledgehammer, a chainsaw, a punch to the gut — WAIT//LESS is the antithesis of sorrow and silence. One only ever listens to the West Coast punk band's debut album *Improve Your Image Listen to Wait//Less* with the intention of listening to it in its entirety — the noise grabs you by the wrist, with the opening track "Hot Girl," swallows you whole, and refuses to spit you out until "Crawl," the album's ninth and final track. That is why the title is in the imperative; you have no option to run away.

WAIT//LESS formed in 2023 and you would not be wrong to think that the band looks familiar — Little Destroyer's Allie Sheldon and Michael Weiss manage the rhythmic rage of this operation while Trevor Stöddärt of FRANKIIE weaves his guitar's chaos alongside the machinist-of-madness Rebecca White's vocals.

The August, 2025 album comes just three months after the band supported Jack White during his No Name Tour at the Commodore Ballroom in May. Reports say he happened to stumble upon their Bandcamp release, but it would be more accurate to suggest the quartet's rage found him and held his ears hostage.

That is the effect that WAIT//LESS has always strived for. A band's debut album will often be an introduction or experiment, but WAIT//LESS has known who they were from their first single "Another Year," which appears as the fifth track on the album. *Improve Your Image Listen to Wait//Less* takes the explosive rawness of punk and superimposes it on stories of rebelling in the face of oppression. The album's sound is met with the band's loud sex appeal and tongue-in-cheek explicit lyrical commentaries of sexism, objectification, and confronting your fears within ugly social and political realities.

Part of the punch that hardcore punk packs is within the comparatively shorter duration of songs that belong to the genre. WAIT//LESS keeps to this tradition. Each track has an average runtime of three minutes. Songs meld the intensity of IDLES's storytelling with the kind of strip-your-throat-raw vocals and instrumentation that risk hearing damage — a lineage synonymous with acts like Distillers and Trash Talk. The album's arc switches between pulling back and amping up a heart-poundingly quick tempo with zero bars of quiet and endless possibilities to throw your limbs around and bang your head in various configurations in time with the beat of the drums and the throat-curtling bass that undercuts the noise.

In many ways, there is nuance in the chaos as the album progresses. The guitar solo that breaks up White's ear-piercing vocals in "Circus Music" strums so rapidly you get dizzy just from being within earshot of it. And in "Hypnotize," unlike most of the tracks, which begin with Stöddärt or White, Weiss opens the song with a chant of toms.

The clashing chaos of muddy guitar and edging percussion that commences "Hot Girl" feels like being thrown down into a hole and emerging into a clearing, punctuated by the defining jab of the first line: "Hot girl / thot girl."

"The lyrics are like, 'Look good/understood/do anything you can to be understood,' and it's all about how women are expected to just be hot to be accepted," White explained in an interview. "No matter what the circumstance might be, women aren't allowed to age, or they're not allowed to be sad. It's like, smile and look good, or fuck off."

The album's second track "Loser," backed by a rampaging diminished guitar chord, sends a different message, an abrasive narrative about scrapping by and feeling unprepared to face such realities, which rips into "Freak Out," a mantra to calm down before your thoughts "put [you] in the ground."

The instrumentation that rounds out the album in "Crawl," juxtaposes many of the themes around emotional intensity, anxiety, and caring present throughout the prior tracks as a defiant shift toward stepping into your own power, trampling over anyone who defies it. For WAIT//LESS, noise and irony are equally loud conductors of meaning. This avoids being literal, and holds all the pride in taking up space. In the same interview, White and Sheldon went on to say that while many themes their music explores are heavy, emotionally-charged and vulnerable, the band values fun and not taking themselves too seriously — so you shouldn't either.

Improve Your Image Listen to Wait//Less serves as a violent celebration of the whimsical, messy and complex experiences of personhood. It invites you to a place that is dark and empathetic, unapologetically abiding by no rules.—FIONA SJAUS



Jian

Runt

KITTEN CO. | FEB. 1, 2026

That Runt starts out with an unmastered demo is a testament to the strengths Jian displays on her debut EP. Just a hauntingly simple guitar and her vocal prowess is enough to draw the listener in, and while flashy production is undoubtedly engaging, it'll always be the most basic songs that stand out the most. It's a bold choice for sure! But Jian knows what's good about her music and wants you to know it too before progressing any further. Somehow still despite the minimalism, "Dirty Water - (Demo)" evokes some very clear visuals, a sure sign of what's to come with her cinematic skill carrying throughout the project. The lyrics aren't complex, but as she's shown she doesn't need to overcomplicate anything to be effective. The song really does give off those grimey sewer vibes, both instrumentally and with regards to the man she's writing about, singing "You smoke like a single father / You eat like a pig for slaughter." Add in the fact that he apparently doesn't fold his own clothes either, no wonder she wants to leave him! I hope for her own sake that her next relationship is as good as her next track, "Dog's Name." If it is, maybe she can find someone that even does the dishes.

Indie rock is a hard genre to stand out in, and Jian does so here with her voice. She likes to crack it a lot — think Kacy Hill or Sir Chloe, but much more accentuated. It never feels overdone though, fitting so naturally within each song as a great, simple motif that manages to add so much.

Ironically I spent all that time praising minimalism and guitar-centrism just for my favourite part of the EP to be the bell melody of the most maximalist song on the project. They're soo good though, and I'm in love with them the entire track. Like Viola Davis they're somehow both the perfect second star and leading melody when it's their time, and the chorus!! The little jingles create such an eerie feeling that by the time the huge vocals and crazy guitar make their entrance, it feels like a haunted house themed around this girl's dog. Of course every good horror movie needs an escape scene (or so I assume I've never watched one), and with the addition of the pacemaking drums and in-your-face-guitar, I think we've managed to escape just before the place burned down.

With our introduction done though we've now been left in the wilderness. On "Crack," Jian begs us to come back inside, still fantasizing about this man while scorning "But you talk like a child" (leave him!!). Lyrically she remains very illustrative, and the song itself is great, but I don't think the track does nearly enough to stand out from its predecessors. The melody is a bit too similar to Dog's Name, and while it shares an addicting chorus, it's sadly without the extra bells and whistles. Frontloading the project is a great way to get the audience seated, but with my popcorn empty and the climax finished in the first act, I started to feel a bit drawn out. This is why Divine, the fourth song on the EP, is so refreshing. It's a nice break from the intensity we've been given so far, with the slow strumming and quiet drums complementing a much softer and expertly layered vocal performance. This pace really suits her too, giving her a much deserved chance to yearn, "But I'd let his waves overturn me / If he were to just say my name." However it'll always be the choruses she does best, and I'm obsessed with the transition here. The short pause before a faster, more energetic beat is so satisfying, especially with how seamlessly it fits within the rest of the track. It's giving this melancholic campfire, sunset at the beach feel, a rest before the energetic final act.

I fear the title of the penultimate song, "Hate Me" might be a bit too on the nose. It's not a bad song by any means, but the vibes do lean too much into that early-2010s folk rock that you'd hear in a car commercial (it's the "ooh oohs" in the chorus for me). It's not long before she gets back on track though, and "He Said So" is an excellent finale. The protagonist's last stand with this man might even be more cinematic than her first, and the constant, ever-building rhythm guitar only accentuates the anxiety felt through the lyrics. "I wanna look pretty when I put up a fight," she sings on an equally as pretty track. Fortunately it's also the longest on the project, and it never stops building, ending with a final climax and a very welcome guitar solo! Her control of the energy and pacing on this song is excellent, making the outro a very satisfying ending to a great debut. A surprisingly visual one, too, Jian does a great job of establishing a setting, taking the listener through her battles with both a frankly terrible sounding man and her own complex feelings about him. The end sees her emerge victorious,

though not without a few roadbumps on the way. I’d love to hear her really focus in on the sound she’s established on this 22 minute EP and experiment more. I think some more diverse key and instrument choices would make her a standout in such a crowded genre, and I’m so excited to see it happen. —LYLA NATHAN



Franco Rossino

Franco Rossino #1
MONO TAPES | FEB. 20, 2025

My divine intuition told me this was going to be good. That’s why i didn’t mess around with the listening experience: i put my favorite scarf on, i sat with no distractions around me, and I entered the 23-minute portal of Franco Rossino #1. (Spoiler alert: my divine intuition was soooo right).

You get six anticipatory strums of the guitar, and then boom! We are off to the races. The rhythm is upbeat and nearly constant through the album, a speed that makes you want to shake your hands around. Rossino’s voice enters in effusive spirals. Someone I love once told me every song is its own room, that you can hear what it would look like. And that you can imagine the room it was recorded in, too. In this album’s case, they are the same. Small and sparsely furnished, tight enough to hear everything. Everything is clear, close to the ears. Intimate. Listening feels like being told a story, both personal and one of this bizarre moment in time we are all living. The words are listless, yearning, reflective, fed up, witty. A person spinning around on their head trying to make sense of the world.

The album flows beautifully. The songs are very interconnected, all with a jaunty tempo and notable guitar melodies punctuating clever verses. Little soft moments of birdsong (“had enough” and “raucous”), ambient kitchen noise (“walls up”), and traffic sounds (“30-50 feral hogs”) are cushions between songs, kind moments of pause for you to absorb the wisdom and emotion just thrown at you. Like the 15-second dismount of whistling and car honks does in “30-50 feral hogs,” which is up there in my favorites for its lyrical genius:

put your face up on a pedestal,
you’ve purified your perfect soul,
and you deserve the right to be complacent.
and by now the story’s getting old,
we blur our eyes,
we bend & fold
and take our lunch outside out on the pavement.

It’s a bitingly brilliant effusion to a fake radical martyr and the quivering ball of water that feels like our world right now, how one poke will send it all rushing down our legs. Bear with me; I get metaphorical when I’m excited.

You know what else gets me excited? When songs have a part two. Or a part deux, I should say. “Had enough” and “had enough part deux” turn the album into a gorgeous sandwich, holding all the meat between them. The whole record covers the anger and hopelessness that feels like a constant part of you these days. But if the first song is the peak of that rage, the final one is the comedown, throwing up its hands and reaching for anyone who feels the same. Listening to them back to back, I couldn’t stop picturing a tin-can telephone... you know? The two cans with a string between them? That’s what it felt like, two frustrated people talking to each other across the room (the room of the song, remember?) trying to feel better. Two aluminum vessels holding this experience together. And the album doesn’t get wrapped up in a bow, just like this messed-up & magnificent world. The last line is, “I say we burn it all down, yeah, just watch me.” But as a fellow holder of this world’s heartbreak, I at least found some peace in being brought into this collective grief. Everything hurts and everything is beautiful and everything is better when we feel it together. Go put on your favorite scarf and join me and Franco Rossino and everyone else making their way, okay? I’ll be waiting for you. —ZOE GELLER-ALFORD



Through K1, kmoe captures the feeling of being online and avoidant as a twenty-something year old over the span of 34 carefully produced minutes. The album takes a breather from the digital age of hyper-labeling and sorting of information into algorithmically viable buzzwords, and serves as a testament to the creative power of a Vancouverite spending rainy days indoors with a DAW. kmoe builds a personal world through his genre-bending, distorted electronic sounds paired with raw and personal songwriting that captures the disoriented grasp on relationships and life unique to one’s twenties.

Unknowingly, 2025 became my personal year of discovering artists under DeadAir Records: with a friend introducing me to fellow labelmate, Jane Remover, and her self-defining genre; Dariacore, which eventually led me to kmoe through Spotify’s erratic algorithm. Discovering my favorite phrase in any songwriter’s biography — “Vancouver, British Columbia” — was the last thing I would expect given kmoe’s sound. I was taken aback at how a local artist’s album had completely slipped under my radar for so long, as I try to go to local shows as often as I can. With music production becoming more accessible through the internet and paired with the need for more opportunities for new artists to break out in Vancouver, it’s understandable how a local artist can feel so distant

The gritty and discordant opening track — “Dumpster fire” — sets the stage for a recurring motif of a relationship that leaves an astringent taste in your mouth, yet keeps pulling you back. “Shelve my being / Kept the loose ends long so I’m reeling them in,” articulates a battle between wanting to be seen and known by someone at the cost of losing your own self-respect. Modernity takes a unique toll on this track through the apathetic feeling of the arrival of a text message — “how could I be mad if I’m just starin’ at a screen?” — but the lack of effort is clear in the method of communication. The repeating distorted “Again” paired with hard-hitting drums serves as the crux of the track. However, the production of the dynamics at the end of the track does not do justice to the desperation in the songwriting, and leaves me wanting for more.

Thankfully, the second track “Thousand yard stare” delivers on the agony quota I expect to see from K1. Opening with a proper muddled shoegaze guitar, and the return of the piercing drums present in the chorus of “Dumpster fire.” The anguish in the opening line is palpable: “Can you feel the teeth in my mouth / Gnashing between the doubt on your tongue?”— a clear marker of the intensity present in the tension of words left unsaid. As a listener, I feel like a demogorgon, siphoning the turmoil out of the track which continues to dynamically build with the distorted repetitive “Alone,” rooted from the lyric “Stuck in my head while she lies there alone.” On what “Dumpster fire” couldn’t deliver with the distorted “Again,” “Thousand yard stare” returns tenfold with “Alone.” It begs the question of it being worse to desperately want someone who doesn’t show up or be that kind of person for another party, and the tracks seem to lean in a clear direction to the winner of that battle.

Track 4, “Idiot,” begins with synths that sound like nails against a chalkboard which are quickly enveloped in the warm sound of a full band only for the sound to return with, “I’ll waste my time just a little bit / And then I’ll die,” a reminder of the themes of mortality and self-sabotage that follow through the album. The track serves as the intersection between romantic frustration and self accusation, featuring a strangely energetic breakdown for the bridge and end of the track with the repeating line “What a blurry mess you’ve got yourself in.” While the album features many breakdowns with key vocal samples from the tracks, I find that “Idiot” is not the best case of this formula. “Head first” and “Carpet,” provide aurally dynamic electronic breakdowns that creatively use the sampling of vocal stems.

“Do I keep you up” uniquely addresses the generational lived experiences that come with being born in the 2000s and more specifically the direct experiences of being a young musician with the inevitable entanglement with the internet. “One hit song from a TikTok / Six, seven, eight months since the last drop,” Six... Seven... </3

The distant feeling of the mention of Vancouver in the lyric, “Work the night shift, three months, full-time job now / I swore I’d be far from this town now / Got one more chance left to get out,” in “Do I keep you up” feels as though kmoe is left in the 2,883 km² bell jar full of petrichor turned noxious.

As a fellow 2000s baby, K1’s portrayal of twenty-something disorientation, romantic frustration, and the sense of not yet reaching your full potential feels like a sucker punch to the gut, which is why I feel so drawn toward the album. Additionally, the tension between being a local artist and writing about a desire to escape elsewhere makes K1 not only sonically dissonant, but thematically reflective of that same restlessness in its songwriting. kmoe has created a mosaic of electronic, shoegaze, and indie rock influences, and K1 feels like only an introduction to what he’s capable of — one that has me looking forward to future projects. —ANA BANDARI



kmoe

K1
DEADAIR | JUN. 06, 2025

K1 — kmoe’s 12-song debut album, released via deadAir Records (founded by Billie Bugara, a former SoundCloud media consultant and curator) plants the seeds of the online sound that ultimately shapes the project.



Ravine Angel

Object of Affection

SELF-RELEASED | AUG. 1, 2025

Aoife Josie Clements, a Vancouver-based artist working under the name Ravine Angel, released *Object of Affection* in August as an album keenly aware

of its own emotional weight and refuses to simplify it. Ravine Angel does not frame affection as something comforting or stable. Instead, the album treats it as something fluid and sometimes unsettling, something that can shift from closeness to distance without warning. This approach makes the record feel deeply personal, as though the listener is being allowed into a private emotional space rather than being presented with a finished narrative.

The opening track “surfin’” immediately establishes this mood. Its beat is unusual and slightly disorienting, creating a sense of motion without grounding. The electric textures buzz beneath the surface, giving the song a restless energy that never fully resolves. The voices feel distant and eerie, almost detached, which creates an uneasy intimacy. Rather than welcoming the listener, the track seems to test their willingness to stay. As an introduction, “surfin’” succeeds because it sets expectations for the album’s emotional honesty and sonic unpredictability.

As the album continues, it becomes clear that variation is central to its structure. Each song feels like a different emotional state, moving between introspection and assertion without lingering too long in one place. The track “say yes to love” stands out as one of the album’s most affecting moments. The track carries a strong sense of nostalgia, both in its slow pacing and in its soft, dreamlike atmosphere. Its sound recalls the hazy intimacy associated with *Cigarettes After Sex*, but it never feels derivative. Instead, the song feels personal and sincere, as though it is holding onto a memory that is both comforting and fragile. Listening to it feels suspended, especially when the lyric “waste your precious time” comes in, as it hits in a really relatable way – it feels like a soft warning and a confession at the same time. It made me think about all the moments we give away without noticing, to people or situations that don’t give much back, and how gentle the song is even when saying something that heavy. That contrast ultimately gave me the suspenseful sensation and what deeply stuck with me.

This softness is balanced by the confident energy of “eczema” and “bloom.” These tracks feel more grounded and self-assured, introducing a rebellious tone that contrasts with the album’s more vulnerable moments. The beats are compelling and rhythmic, pushing the songs forward and making them feel physical and present. There is a sense of confidence in how these tracks occupy space, as though they are moments of self-recognition within the album’s emotional arc.

Throughout *Object of Affection*, the production remains intentionally unpolished. Ravine Angel allows distortion, silence, and texture to shape the songs rather than smoothing them into uniformity. This roughness keeps the album emotionally close, as if the listener is hearing thoughts as they form rather than after they have been processed. The record never feels overworked, and that restraint gives its quieter moments more impact.

The album closes with “ijtotlomd,” a track that feels calm without sounding empty. The electro-infused guitar carries a gentle, almost melodic quality that allows the album to breathe. Rather than resolving the emotions introduced earlier, the song gathers them into a single space. It creates a sense of unity that feels earned, bringing together the album’s vulnerability, confidence, and experimentation without forcing closure.

Object of Affection is an album that feels cohesive not because its songs are similar, but because they are connected by emotional intention. It is an album that rewards attention and patience, offering depth through its willingness to remain unresolved. Ravine Angel creates a record that feels intimate, thoughtful, and quietly powerful, leaving a lasting impression through its emotional precision rather than grand gestures.

—JESS LEE



headphone on, while in the middle of a difficult reading, or in a hypnagogic state. However, my intentions going into the listening forced me to confront Perfume Tree’s trance-inducing music more lucidly than I would have otherwise. A point made by Arthur Russell in *Barefoot* in New York came to the forefront of my mind. “The question is whether or not/

This kind of music is going to hypnotize you / Do you resent being made to listen to / This monotonous music?” I like the uncertainty about the effect on the listener that Russell expresses here. Completing my task, I found myself negotiating between two states, one of hypnosis, which compromised my ability to analyse, and one of self-conscious sobriety, which felt inappropriate.

Attending to another dusk was akin to observing Vancouver’s night sky when it is generous to me. Light pollution from the city washes out the cosmos and I have to squint my eyes to bring new stars into view. The simple and repetitive sections of Perfume Tree’s music, like stars, fade in and out of sight. While the structure of the constellation stays the same throughout, my field of view is in constant flux as my attention is redirected towards the different layers.

While another dusk’s songs are repetitive, they are far from monotonous. The four songs explore multiple different genres, sometimes within the same track. The first two songs, “late afternoon” and “sunlounger,” set the baseline for this album. “Late afternoon” features an electronic chord progression that ripples, reminiscent of the album’s cover art. “Sunlounger” is the shortest track and introduces a heavy guitar riff over a snapping beat. Jan Tilley’s ethereal vocal performance marks the unique aesthetic of these tracks. The title track, “another dusk,” modulates the genre of the first two ambient tracks as Perfume Tree’s goth inspirations shine through.

The three tracks preceding “Bob’owler” all have some explicit reference to the sun in their title. Could the reference to a moth in the final title be an allusion to the arrival of the night? This would be consistent with the whispering house beat that underlies a repeating synth progression in this closing track. Like a star, the house beat – initially subtle – moves to the forefront by the latter half of the song.

It’s worth noting that another dusk is Perfume Tree’s first album since their 1999 break up. Composed of former CiTR members Pete Lutwuche, Jane Tilley, and Adam Sloan, the group has delivered an album that can be appreciated passively or with intent. —ELODIE VAUDANDAINE



THE NAUSEA

Requiem

AN ABSURD EXPOSITION, BURIED IN SLAG AND DEBRIS | JUN. 7, 2024

Requiem is the latest album by THE NAUSEA, one of the countless projects of multimedia artist Anju Singh. The album contrasts order and chaos, mortal and holy, in order to forge a frightening narrative of the inevitability of mortality.

The album begins with “Respite Finem”– “consider the end.” With this track, we are introduced immediately to the violin that will feature throughout the rest of the album, a sonic protagonist that craves order, profane comprehensibility. The constant presence and the humanization of this “character” (the second and third tracks continue to expand upon “them”: its sadnesses, its motivation) makes something clear very early on. The violin is YOU.

The violin runs at a consistent rhythm. Yet, after a moment, you notice that there is a slight delay, an imperfection. Something is wrong. Before you have time to process this, however, you are immediately confronted with deep, reverberating tones, like a train coming to close, or a factory explosion. You may “consider the end,” but “the end” is considering you, too, and I don’t think it likes what it sees.

Transpire: to occur. Morte: the act of dying. “De Morte Transpire” (track number 4) reaffirms mortality in the face of rushing, static, industrial death. It is grand; and perhaps, in a sick way, holy. Individual identity is given a moment to relish in itself. An indulgence. Soon drowned out by an indescribable numinous force.

As the fifth track, “Ascension,” begins, the small, human listener is offered a glimmer of hope. Imperfect, ordered, profane, mortal. Helicopters, wasps, electric saws. When everything ends it is impossibly loud. Whether or not we still remain is unclear and ceases to be relevant. Time and space and order and chaos are melting into and out of each other. Clarity in death. I feel sick.



Perfume Tree

Another Dusk

ZULU | OCT 17, 2025

How do you review an ambient music album? If I had not been faced with the task of reviewing another dusk, I would have most likely listened to this album with one

“Abyssal Depths” and “Per Sepulchra” are observations on the state of death that we have found ourselves in. “Abyssal Depths” is, in many ways, a reflection on the earlier parts of the album: the personal, slow, tragic. It begins as a study of human emotional experience, once again ending with loud, droning static, resembling distorted gunshots. Yet this time it is not frightening or jarring. Almost 30 minutes into the album the threat has ceased to deliver its punch; the fear has turned to a dull acceptance of fate, deeply sad boredom. “Per Sepulchra” mirrors this— which is also an expression of acceptance, the track is forceful and affirmative.

Requiem is a sonic experiment in death. It is curious how despite the intrigue coming from the horrific guttural oppositional noise, the thing that keeps getting stuck in my head is the ordered, recognizably human violin.



Bug Davies

Good Time

SELF-RELEASED | DEC. 8, 2025

(Self-released)



Bug Davies' *Good Time* is an album that feels less like a collection of songs and more like a journey through the mind itself, a kaleidoscopic exploration of thought, emotion, and presence. Each track offers a distinct atmosphere, yet they are bound together by a fluidity that makes the album feel almost like a living, breathing entity. From the first note to the last, Davies navigates a delicate balance between introspection and outward engagement, giving listeners both the sense of being alone within their own consciousness and simultaneously in step with something larger, unspoken, and immediate.

The opening track, "Gun," immediately establishes this duality. The voice carries a weight that draws the listener inward, almost coaxing you into the private spaces of thought and reflection. Around it, the surrounding layers push outward, creating a tension between the internal and external worlds. It's as if Davies is teasing the boundary between self and surroundings, offering glimpses of otherness while keeping the core of experience intimate and personal. There's a push and pull here, a sense that the music is reaching for something just beyond comprehension, and yet the vocals anchor you in a place that feels undeniable and real. It's a rare kind of entry point into an album — one that doesn't simply introduce you to songs but to a state of being.

"Candy, How Could You Ever Forgive Me?" eases the tension with a gentler, more fluid approach. The track flows like a winding path across a serene landscape, the melody and voice intertwining in a way that feels almost symbiotic. Here, there's a sense of surrender, a soft release into the music itself. The interplay between the elements is graceful, swaying the listener along a terrain that feels both familiar and slightly elusive. It's a moment where the album seems to exhale, allowing a subtle joy and unity to surface, like the relief of merging with something beyond oneself. The track invites absorption, a kind of becoming with the music that is as meditative as it is immersive.

“The Smiling Man” takes the listener into a more cautious, measured terrain. Its pacing fluctuates, sometimes quick, sometimes languid, creating an oscillation that mirrors the restless nature of thought. There’s a sensation of falling here—falling into the stream of one’s own consciousness, yet being confronted by fragments of memory and reflection as they pass by. The song captures the experience of being suspended in time, witnessing thoughts as they surge and dissipate. The feeling is at once exhilarating and unsettling, as Davies maps the tension between awareness and the spiraling unpredictability of the mind.

With "Evil," the album accelerates into a moment of clarity and immediacy. The voice cuts through with a sense of presence that is almost startling, as if you are sitting next to Davies, sharing the raw pulse of the present moment. There's no pretense here; the music insists on honesty, on engagement with now rather than reflection on what has been. The pace quickens, giving a sense of catching up with life itself, of gathering scattered fragments into a coherent experience. It's a track that embodies the fleeting intensity of being alive, the sensation of racing through time yet grounding oneself in the immediacy of sensation and emotion.

"Massacre" then transports the listener to a dimension that

feels both disorienting and unshakably anchored. The energy is rapid, almost overwhelming, yet there is a paradoxical stillness within the rush. It's as if time itself is spiraling outward while you remain fixed at the center, experiencing motion without being swept away. There's a profound unity here, a sense of moving with the music rather than being moved by it, of finding rhythm and order within chaos. The track feels like a meditation on presence, a recognition that even in frenetic motion, one can find a kind of equilibrium, a communion with the forces that propel life forward.

Finally, the title track, "Good Time," serves as an intricate and satisfying conclusion. It weaves together the album's disparate moods into a deliberately staged progression, shifting from slow to fast, from high-pitched and shimmering to grounded and deliberate. There's a sense of synthesis here, as though Davies is summarizing the entire journey, creating a musical reflection that encompasses reflection, release, exhilaration, and unity. The track does not simply end; it reverberates, leaving the listener with a lingering awareness of the album's emotional and conceptual scope. It's a final statement that acknowledges complexity without seeking to resolve it entirely, a celebration of both the fleeting and the enduring.

What makes *Good Time* remarkable is not only its dynamic range but also its ability to capture the nuances of consciousness. Davies' approach to structure is both intuitive and sophisticated, guiding the listener through alternating waves of introspection, clarity, tension, and release. The album never feels forced; even in its most energetic or unsettling moments, there is a naturalness to the flow, a sense that every beat, pause, and shift is earned. Each track is a space to inhabit, an invitation to move with the music and explore one's own perception of time, thought, and presence.

In essence, *Good Time* is an album that rewards both attention and reflection. It's not background music, nor is it a collection of catchy hooks—it is a deliberate, immersive experience that demands engagement while offering profound emotional and cognitive resonance. It is an exploration of dualities: internal versus external, slow versus fast, fleeting versus permanent. And yet, within these contrasts, Davies creates a sense of wholeness, a musical world where tension and release coexist, where reflection and immediacy meet, and where each track is a portal into a different facet of the mind.

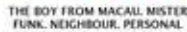
For listeners willing to surrender to its ebb and flow, *Good Time* offers a rare and compelling journey. It is at once meditative and invigorating, intimate and expansive, intricate and approachable. Bug Davies has crafted an album that lingers long after the final note fades—a work that not only entertains but invites contemplation, a sonic exploration of the spaces between thought, feeling, and presence.—JEFF LEE



Oliver Barnes

EXTENDED PLAY

SELF-RELEASED | NOV. 9, 2025


 THE BOY FROM MACAU: MISTER
 FUNK, NEIGHBOUR, PERSONAL
 TRAINER, BAGGY, 25% LUCKY
 7% FRESH PRINTS, BUNKER BOY,
 SWIMMER, STONE SELECTOR
 HANDS IN THE MIX, DIVA
 WHAT'S IN MY POCKET, 33%
 HIMA, LOVER.

April 2393: you and your best buds have loaded into your old, rickety Chevy Starcruiser and fly out of Santa Cruz. Its mileage is pretty bad, but a full charge will get you about one one-thousandth of a lightyear, and that'll be plenty. Halfway to the Tharsis Ski Slope – the Martian People's Republic's newest bid for interplanetary tourists – you stop off in a dingy little charging station for a snack break, and Oliver Barnes' **EXTENDED PLAY** echoes from the overhead speakers. Nothing could be more fitting, you think – and you're absolutely right.

EXTENDED PLAY is spacey beyond description and simple beyond fault, a road trip album for the final frontier. His instrumentals or inflections might wear their influences on their sleeve, but Barnes (the self-proclaimed "Mister Funk") distances himself from copycatery by being, for want of a better word, woozier. "Tellin Ya" is the clearest example of what I mean: the hallmarks of a classic, lazy, surf town anthem are all here, but given a cosmic tinge that defines this project's aesthetic. Barnes' vocals are distorted as if through a cloud of cosmic dust, the guitar that undergirds him plays like its strings have been soaked in the fine dust of a dead star. You'll forgive me if I can't help but speak in riddles and images about this project, as it's the only language I know of that can fully get across the amazing aesthetic ground Barnes has managed to cover in only six songs.

Outside of the aforementioned "Tellin Ya," tracks like "Crush Pass" and "23's (part II OG)" play to a different strength of this album; its relationship with compression. "Crush Pass" feels like the first attempt at this sound, and it was a resounding success - it reads like a view of the 4th dimension,

as recorded by a VHS player. “23’s (part II OG)” is the next evolution of this flattened dimensionality – it doesn’t feel like something you’re listening to on-demand, but like something you’re hearing out and about, something random on some unseen overhead speaker. Rather than shrinking the album, *EXTENDED PLAY* commitment to sounding “heard” rather than “recorded” gives the whole project great deal of implied depth – by defining its own depth, it suggests a much broader context around it, but leaves the exact contours of that context to your own imagination.

If I have anything to complain about, it’s that certain cuts on this album seem plainly underbaked compared to these stronger cuts. “23’s (part II OG)”, for example, is supposed to be the sequel of the earlier track “23’s,” but I can’t imagine what these two should have in common outside of their name. “23’s” is better understood as an interlude, not as a co-equal track, but it would’ve benefitted from being titled as such – lest new listeners be tricked into comparing apples to Redwood National Park. Likewise, “Aug 20th” is a strangely plain endnote for such an expansive and interesting project as this: no lyrics, no clear evolution of sound, just four bars of an instrumental looping for eighty seconds. Were I in the studio, I might’ve advocated that these two tracks be cut, reconsidered, revitalised, and put out on a future deluxe edition.

At the end of the day, however, *EXTENDED PLAY* seems to be an exercise in building an aesthetic and exploring its furthest reaches, and in this Barnes has done outstanding work. In my time writing for Discorder, few albums have painted such a vivid mental picture as has *EXTENDED PLAY*, and that is enough for me to earnestly recommend it to any prospective listeners. Given time, commitment, and a consistent improvement of sound and style, Oliver Barnes could prove to be a stellar contributor to Vancouver’s funk scene.—GABRIEL BELL



Hotel Decor

Carousel EP

SELF-RELEASED | OCT. 31, 2025

Hotel Decor is a Vancouver-based group inspired by everything from ‘70s New Wave to Cowboy Grunge. Going into this review, I really hadn’t a clue what either of those things were.

From what I was able to scrounge up online, it’s a whole lot of mashing and surgically combining contrasting genres and finding the sound that works the best. I also found someone calling this subgenre “y’alternative,” which confused me even more. Nonetheless, Hotel Decor has piqued my interest – so here goes my review. Their EP *Carousel* is a groovy, experimental, yeehaw experience that got me feeling jumpy and nostalgic all at the same time.

First track, “Carousel” was a bang to begin this EP. The creative use of production and unique riffs made me feel like I was going on a long walk in the night. The kind where you notice that others are awake, and there’s a silent understanding neither of you should be up at this hour. / I’m just hanging / really describes the essence of this track. A melancholy stomach ache you can’t stop listening to.

Things kick up with the next track, “TV Static,” with a groovy acid feel. The staccato/shouty vocals feel reminiscent of 2000s pop punk. With more imagery of visiting the past, this number is the perfect mix of the anxiety of waiting around stuck in the present. Speaking of sticky, the riffs in this song feel sticky. Real sticky. A cathartic piece that had me shaking my head in my bedroom.

We move forward to the climax of the EP. “Your Friends” is an upbeat track packed with drums and riffs that will keep me up at night. If “TV Static” had me stuck in the past, “Your Friends” is the song that sets me free. I adore the musical choices in this song, and the emotional preciseness they were able to conjure up. A calm reminder everything will be okay even if uncertain.

Finishing off the project is “A Strange Night At Dave N Buster’s (Kiss The Pavement).” A six minute long track, tying the story together. I feel like I rarely see any music put out that’s over 3 minutes long anymore so this was a real treat. There’s something about this one that reminds me of running away from your friends on a drunk night out just to lay in the grass and breathe for a bit. A shoegaze-y vibe with an insanely good guitar breakdown. A perfect ensemble that expresses wanting and having so much to say but not enough time. The pauses in the track right before the last refrain are oh-so satisfying and end the EP on a great note.

With that, *Carousel* leaves me to ponder. A key theme and imagery I could notice was a reflective relationship with the present and past. Nostalgic pictures and youthful flashbacks circled through my mind all throughout this listening experience. The subtle storytelling and aesthetics of Hotel Decor leave me wanting more. I can only imagine what more they will create and share in the future.—JAM MEDENILLA



The Spewz

everything you wanted

SELF-RELEASED | APR. 9, 2024

WHAT DO YOU DO when you’re in one of the biggest cities that people dream about living in and yet you still find yourself bombarded with an array of QUESTIONS, REPETITION, and AGITATION? It’s the question of the century, but I’d say you should try to find an outlet and SPEW it all out. And that’s exactly what our band, The Spewz (otherwise known as chāze) does with their 2024 album, *everything you wanted*, a digital album with 12 songs (including an interlude). The ANGST, the FRUSTRATION, The RESISTANCE can all be felt within each melody and you can really appreciate the glimpse into chāze’s headspace of introspection. Vancouver (just like every other classic big city moments) really has a way of beating you down in very deceptive ways, but the somewhat reassuring part of this dilemma is that you’re never really the only one who feels this way or goes through these big city challenges – I like this album because it speaks to what I am 1000% sure most people in this city think but almost never say out loud... THAT’S what makes this not just a bold piece of musical artwork, but one that is successful in its genre. So, it’s no surprise that they’ve performed live at a few venues already. This album is the 2nd to be released, following TAPE 1 which was released in 2022; with the band’s stylised artwork having a tough yet composed aesthetic, almost reminding me of the fun yet effortlessly cool style of the Gorillaz –but still having its own distinct edge.

The listening experience to this album I could describe as something that is full of life and packed with energy. Every song is a continuous catchy hit after hit, and the consistency of the high level beats helps you envision yourself in the story that each song on this album takes you on. The first song, “WORLD” presents itself as a strong headfirst dive to the journey the listener gets pulled into. You are instantly met with a melody that feels like it encapsulates the middle of summer, both with vigorous drum beats but a fast paced guitar urgency, a good representation of the complexities of leaving the old and embracing the new that usually comes at you all at once. The Spewz also do such an excellent job with how they use their voice in this album; there’s a mix of the vocals going hand-in-hand with the instrumentation, but somehow also sounding slightly isolated – almost in response to the song in itself – it adds a lot of personality. We also have a nice little shift in the middle of the album, with the interlude being a calm and soft 30 second break, then we are back to the familiar loud punk beat that “Force Majeure // Patience” reintroduces us to, it gives the listener a break in order to take in the lyrics but it’s also a reminder to keep going. This continues to be the theme of the next songs, where we hear the challenges of internal conflict, confrontation and simply sitting and really feeling one’s own emotions regardless of how difficult that may be at times. One of my favorites on this album is “pine era,” even though the whole album does a fantastic job at carrying a nostalgic feel of classic 2000s punk music (Green Day mashed up with Blink-182 perhaps?), this one in particular stood out to me. I like the strength the singer’s voice had in this song. It totally matched the powerful instrumentation and angsty stress while giving us a lively sound that establishes confident hopefulness – I mean, what is rebellion without the optimistic yet scary notion of change? “Around the corner” is the final song on the album that really pushed the rock sound with the guitar and drums, with the raw emotional lyricism, which wraps up the album nicely in its DIY alternative nature.

Altogether, this album by The Spewz asserts itself as a very strong candidate of being the next album you have to repeat when making your way to work, school, or exercising your own creative liberties. The listening experience is nothing less than empowering with a consistently catchy and aggressive beat, and a distinct voice that carries you through the insightful life reflections. If you’re looking for a new, fresh alternative rock ‘n’ roll, this album just may be everything you wanted.

— SHEENAM ☆ PARBHAKAR



Under Review
Feb-Mar 2026



Ivy Hollivana

Heaven Camera
SELF-RELEASED | OCT. 9, 2025

Heaven Camera is exactly what Ivy Hollivana’s 2025 re-debut album is. She intertwines ephemeral strings with otherworldly digital pop in an album that flows like the visual poetry of a lost 35mm reel rediscovered. Produced with Hudson Lee, with violin by Vivek Menon, and collaborations with Space Candy, Lapsung, and Ashley Tare, *Heaven Camera* consists of eight tracks that glide through an icy, psychedelic galaxy, guiding you to discover, through introspection, what it means to be human within it.

Hollivana refuses to be constrained as her genre-defying poetry grapples with the infinite and endless spaces we exist within, and that which exists within us as we navigate the intertwining of our world with the digital. The album hides nothing of its folklore; it is unabashedly vulnerable and never loses hope, nor an intrinsic sense of wonder for the world, no matter how strange the journey through it.

The adventure begins with “Memorystar,” a transcendent and ethereal first frame that opens with layers of violin and chiming fractals that rush around you as you ascend. The concept of time becomes obsolete as Hollivana’s lilting soprano commands you into a forgotten dream, and you find yourself opening yourself up to a grand landscape. Here, surrounded by otherworldly beauty, you feel a freedom that you haven’t since you were barely sixteen – in the passenger’s seat on a night drive, or skinny-dipping in the bioluminescence, watching the ocean melt into the Milky Way. Hollivana confesses this pure, unfaltering, and deeply rare true love for the world as everything else fades away: “I love the world / And I love you in it / Please oh please / Just stay a minute / Longer here.”

As the album unfolds, Hollivana introduces us to her dreamscape in a way that speaks to what it is to grow up and discover yourself embedded in the digital sphere. It whispers of how the freedom it promises you grows suffocating, and how we navigate this duality. She makes this dichotomy palpable with a racing heartbeat techno and celestial vibrato, and she entrances you with a strobe-light bass and the confessions of the inner workings of a soul seeking respite. This album leaves you lost in liminality, yet cocooned by its familiarity.

Yet it never loses its optimistic fascination in this psychedelic galaxy, and never ceases to remind you that all that feels lost is within reach. “Manifesting,” a danceable, obsessable playlist staple sweeps down to pick you up and guide you on a flight through the stratosphere, that restores an unshakeable hope in you despite the often unsettling complexities of biodigital convergence on earth, and the vast universe beyond it. She lets you catch your breath throughout the album to call back to its outset, reminding you of the ethereal journey you have undertaken. With rolling beats and electronic motifs that recur throughout the tracks, you feel as if you are gliding on a divine river that gives you space for an introspection.

You glide to “On the Line”; this fifth track marks a turning point in the album, where the focus of the journey turns inward. The track feels like fractures that time turned into fractals of hope, which you grasp close to your chest and envelop yourself around. You will “Put it all / On the line” with the faith of youth and the confidence that is echoed in the layering of buzzing and melodic, harp-like electronica. The visceral, intangible dream returns and lifts in tandem with Hollivana’s pleading vocals in a way that is living, breathing, semi-robotic, and yet deeply human. It speaks to what it is to be terrified of vulnerable authenticity, and yet, to crave it. Her layered vocals depict this tension and escalation, as glitches of drum and bass grow entangled and inextricable from melody and strings.

“Angelstar” leaves everything bare: every desperation, every wish. With piercing poetry and counter-melodic piano, it strips you down to the core of your humanity, to “Ride out... / On an Angelstar.” It is the pinnacle of this album’s ability to serenade your deepest discomforts and half-dreamed memories, while keeping you tethered to the constellations that secure you in this ever-evolving universe. She utilizes mantra, a tool which recurs throughout the album, to strengthen the rope that tethers you, and that she uses to reel you into her heavenly universe of dream, memory, and imagination, where gravity is a digital pulse.

Your pilgrimage ends and you come to realize that *Heaven Camera* was indeed a treatise on the metaphysical, but more so, an unabashed and intricate exploration of the soul. It is raw in its poetry – of how reality frightens us, how our dreams

reveal what is beneath it, and how we must learn to balance the infinite and the infinitesimal within us. Hollivana’s five-year-long passion project speaks the wisdom of a lifetime woven within the digital universe, and yet, is never clouded from the mosaic of the human essence. This is an album meant to be discovered again and again as the soul grows, and we are meant to notice more each time we return to it. There is nothing yet quite like *Heaven Camera*, nothing that contains the same multitudes of genre, poetry, and authenticity, and there is something to be learned by everyone within its celestial dreamscape.—MIMI DRYLAND



Pill Mill

Pill Mill
NEON TASTE | NOV. 7, 2025

Punk is a genre marked by fast tempos and raw instrumentals and vocals. Stripping down music past the production to the soul and humanity behind it. Punk often tries to poke back at systems and norms, exposing the underbelly of society. With Pill Mill’s self-titled album, they ask the question, “and why can’t we have fun with that?” as it embraces its genre fully. The experience of listening to this album can only be described by the sensation of pure caffeine hitting your veins, propelling you through a wall to emerge on the other side and hit the ground running like the Kool-Aid Man. A very fun and fresh introduction to someone like me, who isn’t as familiar with punk.

The album starts off strong with the distorted opening of the Ozempic jingle, introducing us to the first song aptly titled “Trimming the fat”. Firstly, very funny, I did let out a bit of a chuckle at that opener. It’s also an incredibly accurate introduction to this band, as you are immediately struck on your first listen by the tightness of the performance; no room for waste. There is great juxtaposition between the clean guitar, drums, and fried vocals, creating a dissonance that permeates the album – infecting your limbs and propelling you into motion. I felt the need to locate the nearest treadmill, lest I sprint off blindly into the street.

In addition to the clean instrumental, the album drags you along at a brutal pace. Transitions from one track to another are seamless. Allowing no space for a breath in between. What emerges from this is a cohesive listening experience that rewards repeated listens. Also, a very quick listen! The run time of the album is only eight minutes, making it feel like one big epic piece. Run through it in no time. And truly, I can not stress the momentum of the bass guitar. The vibrations tickled all the right bits of my brain and were complemented so excellently by the drums. The rhythm fluctuates between each song, but never loses stamina. The drums successfully reached my heart and sent my blood pumping.

I’m a big visuals person, so it would be remiss of me not to mention the cover art for this album. The surrealist piece lends itself perfectly to the album’s hardcore and edgy tone. I’m especially a big fan of the one long witch finger nail that the person on the cover’s got going. What a perfect little freak.

My repugnant affection stretches beyond the cover and encapsulates my feelings about this album as well. Past just its technical prowess, it is overflowing with personality and energy. Exactly what you want from a debut album. I am very excited to see what Pill Mill will come out with next. They are definitely a band that I would love to see live, as I know the energy of that performance would be phenomenal. Overall, Pill Mill’s self-titled album packs exactly the punch that you want it to.—MADY BONIFACE



Vox Rea

Art Oracles
SELF-RELEASED | MAY. 23, 2025

Art Oracles is a 2025 album by Vox Rea, an indie pop band which blends cinematic melodies with evocative lyrics, distributed by 604 Records. The band’s third album, after *To Bring You My Heart* (2017) and *Vox Rea* (2020), reflects their mission of providing a soundtrack to “the confusion and euphoria of coming of age in a postmodern world” (604 Records). The band’s website describes their music as situated within the “indie pop” genre.

Art Oracles impresses the listener within its very first minute. “Oh Mamma,” the album’s first track, drops a dynamic and rhythmic beat during the first chorus, which carries on for

CiTR 101.9 FM CHARTS

January 2026

#	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
1	Lilex & the Apocalips*+	<i>time memorial</i>	SELF-RELEASED
2	Aileen Bryant*+	<i>Silk Of Three</i>	SELF-RELEASED
3	Coup D'état*+	<i>Coup D'état</i>	SELF-RELEASED
4	Morning Bun*+	<i>Antidune</i>	SELF-RELEASED
5	We Are Time*+	<i>We Are Time Mixtape Vol. 2</i>	WE ARE TIME
6	Jane Inc.*	<i>A RUPTURE A CANYON A BIRTH</i>	TELEPHONE EXPLOSION
7	Alex Little*+	<i>Spider in the Sink</i>	LIGHT ORGAN
8	Burs*	<i>Significance, Otherness</i>	BIRTHDAY CAKE
9	Micae*+	<i>For The Record</i>	LITTLE DIFFERENT
10	Austra*	<i>Chin Up Buttercup</i>	PINK FIZZ/ FONTANA NORTH
11	Yawning Portal	<i>Anywhere</i>	YEAR0001
12	ouri*	<i>Daisy Cutter</i>	BORN TWICE
13	Bat Leather*	<i>Pageantry</i>	SONIC CHURCH
14	Gaspard Eden*	<i>Crooked Lines</i>	COYOTE
15	Aris Kindt	<i>Now Claims My Timid Heart</i>	QUIET TIME
16	Maneater*+	<i>Curb Your Appetite</i>	MONO TAPES
17	Jana Horn	<i>Jana Horn</i>	NO QUARTER
18	Hélène Barbier*	<i>Panorama</i>	BONSOUND
19	Slash Need*	<i>SIT & GRIN</i>	SELF-RELEASED
20	Slow Riffs*+	<i>Simulacra</i>	SELF-RELEASED
21	Sundiver*	<i>How to Live With Yourself</i>	SELF-RELEASED
22	Xterea	<i>I'll Call You Later</i>	GATE TEMPLE
23	The Tear Garden*+	<i>Astral Elevator</i>	ARTOFFACT
24	Olivia Boring*	<i>The Woods</i>	SELF-RELEASED
25	Vanille*	<i>Un chant d'amour</i>	BONBONBON
26	Existent/NonExistent*+	<i>Decompose</i>	BENT WINDOW
27	Bleached Heat*+	<i>Bleached Heat 1</i>	HUSH LTD
28	ctznshp*	<i>Lost Loves (A Collection Of Rarities)</i>	SELF-RELEASED
29	Liam Aldous*+	<i>No City Could Sound</i>	SELF-RELEASED
30	Crystal Sting*	<i>Bubblegum Aquarium</i>	POW
31	Rainbows End*+	<i>Rainbows End</i>	SELF-RELEASED
32	Niontay	<i>Soulja Hate Repellant</i>	S.H.O.W. ENT
33	Socool*+	<i>To the Nines</i>	SELF-RELEASED
34	Chalcedony*+	<i>capsule</i>	SELF-RELEASED
35	Himalayan Bear*+	<i>Ultramarine</i>	SELF-RELEASED
36	River Tiber*	<i>Spirals</i>	SELF-RELEASED
37	Pleasure Craft*	<i>Ep3</i>	VICTORY POOL
38	Connie Kaldor*	<i>Wide Open Spaces</i>	COYOTE ENTERTAINMENT
39	Malcy*+	<i>Tall Grass & Rocketships</i>	SELF-RELEASED
40	UTILS*	<i>Related States</i>	SELF-RELEASED
41	Often Wrong*+	<i>The Figs are Starting to Rot</i>	SELF-RELEASED
42	Ribbon Skirt*	<i>PENSACOLA</i>	MINT
43	scarlet fever*+	<i>girl with shank</i>	PLAY DEAD
44	bloom effect*+	<i>oscilón</i>	SELF-RELEASED
45	Heaven For Real*	<i>Who Died & Made You The Dream?</i>	MINT
46	bcball*	<i>end of the line (missed your stop)</i>	SELF-RELEASED
47	SurgicalBLue*+	<i>Communication Basin</i>	GO ROCK
48	AloneKitty*	<i>sad not sad</i>	MINT 400
49	jo passed*	<i>Away</i>	YOUTH RIOT
50	Kara-Lis Coverdale*	<i>Changes in Air</i>	GATE
otherwise known as the glaze list			

CiTR's charts reflect what's been played most on air over the last month. Artists with asterisks (*) are Canadian and those marked plus (+) are local. To submit music for air-play on CiTR 101.9FM, please send a physical copy addressed to Aisia Witteveen Music Director at CiTR 101.9FM, LL500 6133 University Blvd., Vancouver BC, V6T1Z1. Though we prioritize physical copies, feel free to email download codes to hello@citr.ca. You can follow up with the Music Director 1-2 weeks after submitting.

the entire song. The beat, accompanied by lyrics that represent the poetic voice's passionate begging to be set free, evokes in the listener a sentiment of yearning for independence and emancipation. The album's very first track accomplishes one of the objectives outlined by the members Kate and Lauren Kurdyak: "to flirt with the world of danceability," as stated in an interview with *Range Magazine*.

"Missed It By A Second" establishes the sisters as not only exceptional musicians but prominent lyricists as well. The passage "Did you ever feel like I did? / Or did you live beneath my eyelids? / You're a dream that always ends the same" captures the angst of wishing for something – or someone – who one can't, or shouldn't, have. This song reflects one of the most outstanding aspects of the album: its relatability. In all honesty, who could not associate "Missed It By A Second"'s lyrics with some aspect of their personal lives?

"Julia"'s captivating beat and wistful lyrics also flirt with danceability and rhythm. There's just something about the way the Kurdyak sisters sing the name 'Julia.' "Hard"'s unique beat and desolate lyrics make the track incredibly relatable, engaging and dynamic. It escapes the convention of how lyrics this deep and daunting should be sung as, blending themes of loneliness and longing for someone and a danceful beat. "Hard"'s bridge is truly an out of this world experience; it makes me desperately want to see Vox Rea live.

"December 1999"'s carries on recurring themes in "Missed It By a Second" and "Hard" but in a more relatively conventional, but not less admirable, way of portraying the end of a love story. Again, the sisters are established as outstanding lyricists capable of designing catchy rhymes, as in "I watch the clocks, and hope it's not true." "One Kiss" transports the listener to a comforting romcom – with regards both to the beat and the wholesome lyrics. Including "Indecisive Interlude" seems a fitting, although unusual, way of interrupting the album's thematic and musical dynamicity; it is also the perfect way of reminding the audience of Vox Rea's origins as artists more inclined to acapella performances. It feels refreshing to the listener as the two songs it separates are heavily rhythmic and compelling – it gives the listener a moment to breathe and reflect about what they have heard so far. In addition, as it includes lyrics and instrumentals from a later track, the interlude also evokes on the listener a sensation of a cyclic journey and anticipation for what is still to come.

"Stick my Landing" speaks to the themes of coming of age: self-sabotage, imposter syndrome and the endless self-questioning. The recognition that the poetic voice has someone that they "let down every time" maintains the *Art Oracles'* streak of perfectly relatable tracks. "Carry On" reminded me, in the very first seconds, of spoken poetry. Again, it follows a more conventional way of exposing a mournful environment; it is not as surprising as "Hard" but is, nevertheless, close to the poetic voice's sentiments. "Grass" has a softer instrumental and vocal arrangement; it evokes folk music meant to be sung across a fire. It also represents almost universal trends – the feeling of being behind, constant comparison and utter regret. "West Cliff Prelude" is an interlude which interrupts the track flow; it is a calming, intriguing and gentle composition that, as the name suggests, allows the listener to "reset" before the two monumental tracks. It explores musical arrangements that, even with no lyrics, do not fail to provoke emotion – especially when situated after a track as cathartic as "Grass."

"Electric" brings the listener back to the first rhythmic surprise, similar to what is done in "Oh Mamma." The first chorus comes accompanied with a dynamic beat that can be contrasted to the themes explored by the last few tracks. This abrupt difference represents the various facets of the coming of age storytelling: one second, you feel like "The grass loses colour where I lay" and, on the next one, "electric baby running home to you."

"I am the captain of a ship that's going down / For never choosing a direction" is the closest I have ever seen lyrics define how growing up feels. The track, "Captain," is one of the most emotional, rough and deep tracks in *Art Oracles*: it captures the feeling of missing out on the world around you while simply trying to survive. For this reason, it is the best choice of closing track for an album this relatable and well-crafted.

I was surprised to discover one of my all-time favorite records by selecting it from an Under Review list for *Discorder Magazine*. Its uniqueness in lyricism and rhythm captured my attention from the start and mesmerized me through the entire album. If anything, I just wish this record could be longer, or that Vox Rea would perform it live in its entirety. I have already begun my journey of spreading the word of *Art Oracles* and do not plan to stop any time soon.

– CAROLINA MOREIRA DE LA ROCQUE

CiTR 101.9FM Program Guide

"DISCORDER RECOMMENDS LISTENING TO CITR EVERY DAY." - DISCORDER.

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	
6 AM	CiTR GHOST MIX		DEMOCRACY NOW!	CiTR GHOST MIX				6 AM
7 AM	WORDS AND CULTURE	PACIFIC PICKIN'	HARBINGER SHOWCASE	VAZHADHA VAZHKAI	CiTR GHOST MIX	RADIO ART OVERNIGHT	CiTR GHOST MIX	7 AM
8 AM				IN SEARCH OF LOST VENUES CiTR GHOST MIX			FUTURE ECOLOGIES	8 AM
9 AM	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	QUEER FM	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	HORNY MUSIC	QUEER FM		CLASSICAL CHAOS	9 AM
10 AM		CiTR GHOST MIX		CYPHER	FILM PICNIC CiTR GHOST MIX	THE SATURDAY EDGE		10 AM
11 AM	JESS'S LIT	FOREST GROVE	CiTR GHOST MIX	WORKING GIRL BLUEGRASS & BLUES CiTR GHOST MIX	DISCOLLIE		SHOOKSHOOKTA	11 AM
12 PM	LETHAL REFRESH	BLOW IT UP!	THE SHAKESPEARE SHOW	DUNCAN'S DONUTS	DAVE RADIO PRESENTS THE ECLECTIC LUNCH	CiTR GHOST MIX		12 PM
1 PM		LE REETUAL CiTR GHOST MIX	LA BONNE HEURE W. VALIE TRAINING TIME	WHAT'S IN THE HAT (EVERY 2ND THURS) HAIL! DISCORDIA! (EVERY 3RD THURS)	CiTR GHOST MIX		THE ROCKERS SHOW	1 PM
2 PM	PARTS UNKNOWN	CiTR GHOST MIX	LEENIN WITH JEFF	SLIMEWIRE	BEPI CRESPLAN PRESENTS... AND NARDWUAR	POWER CHORD		2 PM
3 PM	TRAINING TIME	SQUIRREL TUNES	I COME FROM THE MOUNTAIN	CiTR GHOST MIX				3 PM
4 PM	CiTR GHOST MIX CLOSE FRIENDS	AMATEUR HOUR CiTR GHOST MIX	THE REEL WHIRLED CiTR GHOST MIX	BORDERS & BLAST BEATS CiTR GHOST MIX	NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS	CiTR GHOST MIX	RADIO LATINA MiXXX	4 PM
5 PM	SADDLE & SOUND	IN FLUX IN YOUR COMFORT ZONE	ART BEAT		PACIFIC NOISE WEIRD	MANTRA (BI-WEEKLY) THE ARMAN AND AKHIL SHOW (MONTHLY) TOO DREAMY (MONTHLY)	CiTR GHOST MIX VIVAPORÚ	5 PM
6 PM	SPIT IN YOUR EAR UNCEDDED AIRWAVES	I LUV U HOUR EURO NEURO	KAFU MUZIK		CiTR GHOST MIX	LATE NIGHT TAKE-OUT MEOW MEOW KITTY GIRL KITTY GIRL PURR (MONTHLY)	CiTR GHOST MIX	6 PM
7 PM	EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES	CiTR GHOST MIX AFRICA'S LIT	VISUAL MEDIA SAMS-QUANC'TH'S HIDEAWAY	AZZUCAR MORENA ANALOG GENMATRIA		CiTR GHOST MIX	BAMU-LADES CiTR GHOST MIX	7 PM
8 PM			CiTR RADIO ALLSORTS SONIC SPILL	CROWD FLIP (LAST THURS) THE MIX SOUP (LAST THURS) PANDORA'S BOX (LAST THURS) ATTIC JARS (LAST THURS)	CANADA POST ROCK	CiTR GHOST MIX	TECHNO PROGRESSIVO	8 PM
9 PM		CRIMES & TREASONS		LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	SOCA STORM	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH	LAUGH TRACK CiTR GHOST MIX	9 PM
10 PM	THE JAZZ SHOW	OFF THE BEAT AND PATH	J CHILLIN					10 PM
11 PM				COPY/PASTE	CiTR GHOST MIX			11 PM
12 AM			AFTN SOCCER SHOW			RANDOPHONIC	CiTR GHOST MIX	12 AM
1 AM	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX		CiTR GHOST MIX	RADIO ART OVERNIGHT			1 AM
2 AM			URBAN MUTANT			THE ABSOLUTE VALUE OF INSOMNIA		2 AM
LATE NIGHT								LATE NIGHT

STUDENT PROGRAMMING

CiTR COLLECTIVE PROGRAMMING

SYNDICATED PROGRAMMING

DO YOU WANT TO PITCH
YOUR OWN SHOW TO CiTR?

EMAIL THE PROGRAMMING MANAGER AT
PROGRAMMING@CiTR.CA TO LEARN HOW

Monday

WORDS AND CULTURE

7AM-8AM, TALK / LANGUAGE

Words and Culture weaves conversations with Indigenous language and knowledge keepers together with music by Indigenous artists. The team creating this original content is made up exclusively of Indigenous producers, hosts and guests. Words and Culture is funded by SiriusXM Canada through the Community Radio Fund of Canada.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

8AM-11AM, ELECTRONIC / EXPERIMENTAL

Every Monday morning since 1988 Breakfast with the Browns has been the place offering a chance to stay in a mood... playing all the best ambient, downtempo, electronic, ASMR, pop-lounge-core music...strictly squaresville.

• BREAKFASTWITHTHEBROWNS@HOTMAIL.COM

JESS'S LIT

11AM-12PM, WORDS/ART/LITERATURE

Jess' Lit delves into literatures - songs, poetry, books, movies, etc. Of all genres from a variety of eras, providing analysis, or just a fun time exploring new ideas and works throughout history.

• LEEJESS2002@gmail.com

LETHAL REFRESH

12PM-1PM, CLUB / DANCE

On lethal refresh, we scour the net for the hottest new tracks and send them straight to you. Log on for lethal refresh Mondays 3-4 for tracks that are lethal as freak, refreshed each week.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

PARTS UNKNOWN

1PM-3PM, ROCK/POP/EXPERIMENTAL

Treading water for over 25 years!!!

• CHRISARIFFIC@gmail.com

TRAINING TIME

1PM-2PM, CLASSICAL / JAZZ / ECCLECTIC

1 hour of radio devoted to teaching new programmers about the thrills of being on-air. Tune in to listen to CITR's newest talent!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

CLOSE FRIENDS

ALTERNATING THU 4PM-5PM, POP / CULTURE / DISCUSSION

Welcome, all friendship enthusiasts! Spend time with me (Mariisol) and my friends as we share stories, hang out, and reflect on what platonic relationships look like in the 21st century.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SADDLE & SOUND

5PM-6PM, COUNTRY

Where alt-country twang meets real-life tales: Tune into Saddle & Sound for anything but your average country hour!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SPIT IN YOUR EAR

ALTERNATING MONDAYS 6PM, ROCK / POP / INDIE

Presented by the Music Collective of CITR.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

UNCEDDED AIRWAVES

ALTERNATING MONDAYS 6PM, INDIGENOUS STORIES

Hosted by the Indigenous Collective, Uncedded Airwaves unveils the hidden pages of Indigenous history and contemporary existence.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES

7PM-8PM, FILM/CULTURE/ECCLECTIC

This one-man variety show profiles music from film, TV & other visual media + songs for a future soundtrack. Spotlights cover composers, genres & ambience; all embracing discovery & ironclad whimsy.

• RADIOFREEGAG@gmail.com

THE JAZZ SHOW

9PM-12AM, JAZZ/RAP

A show about Jazz music with emphasis on authentic Jazz music from various eras, and not any common hybrid styles that leave out essential qualities that define authentic Jazz.

• GAVJAZZY@YAHOO.COM

Tuesday

PACIFIC PICKIN'

6AM-8AM, BLUEGRASS / COUNTRY / OLD-TIME

The best in Bluegrass, Old-Time, Classic Country, Cajun, Rockabilly, Western Swing and whatever jumps off the shelves at us.

• PACIFICPICKIN@YAHOO.COM

QUEER FM

8AM-10AM, TALK/POLITICS

Canada's longest-running LGBTQIA+ radio show, QueerFM Van blends culture, news, music and interviews. Check out Co-Hosts DJ Denise Fraser and Barb Snelgrove every Tuesday/ Friday morning at 8am-10 am (PST) live streaming and podcast at <http://bit.ly/QueerFM> or listen locally at 101.9FM!

• QUEERFM@LOADEDGMAIL.COM

FOREST GROVE

11AM-12PM, BLUEGRASS / EXPERIMENTAL / ART

Down from the smoky hills of Blue Mountain, along Grey Mountain Road, lies Green Forest Grove, the hidden abode of music production.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

BLOW IT UP!

12PM-1PM, TALK/GIVEAWAY

Ticket giveaway hour for the hottest shows happening in Vancouver

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

LE REETUAL

1PM-2PM, MUSIC

Do you live and breathe music? On Le Reetual you can dive deep into different musical universes through new categories every episode. Tune in every other Wednesday at 1:00pm for an hour of the best DJ hosts in the world!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SQUIRREL TUNES

3PM-4PM, ROCK/FOLK/COUNTRY

Squirrel Tunes explores the "roots" of my music taste-the people, places, shows, movies, and moments behind it-and the tracks tied to each story.

• SQUIRRELTUNES@RADIOGMAIL.COM

AMATEUR HOUR

ALTERNATING MON 4PM-5PM, ROCK / ART / DISCUSSION

Interviews with local, amateur, and student musicians about the music they make and the music they love!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

IN FLUX

ALTERNATING TUE 5PM, MUSIC/MOVEMENT

constant state of transition

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

IN YOUR COMFORT ZONE

ALTERNATING TUE 5PM, CULTURE / DISCUSSION / ECCLECTIC

Exploring comfort media and the joy it brings us. Host Matthew Raffin chats with guests about the art, entertainment, and stories that feel cozy like home.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

LUV U HOUR

ALTERNATING TUE 6PM, CRUSH / LOVE

<3<3<3

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

EURO NEURO

ALTERNATING TUES 6PM, DISCUSSION / POLITICS / EUROVISION

Euro Neuro is a Eurovision Song Contest show with a recap of the Contest focusing on how the political and social events have been influencing the contest and song entries.

• EURONEURO.CITR@GMAIL.COM

MOZZY'S MORSELS

ALTERNATING TUES 7PM-8PM, TALK / MUSIC/ELECTRONIC/ROCK

Your one stop shop for tasty tracks and waxing lyrical. Mozz's Morsels is a sickeningly self referential collection of Molly Ann Nicholls' dearest treasures and memories, and some inconsequential ones too.

• MOLLYANICOLLS2@gmail.com

AFRICA'S LIT

ALTERNATING TUES 7PM-8PM, TALK / WORLD

A journey across the globe to faraway countries and distant times. More than just books, it's an hour of music, interviews and analyses brought together to highlight the best of African Literature.

• AFRICA'S.LIT@gmail.com

CRIMES & TREASONS

8PM-10PM, RAP / CULTURE / SOCIAL JUSTICE

Crimes & Treasons is 2 hours of new uncensored music. Every Tuesday Night at 8pm-10pm PST with hosts Jamal \$teeles and Malik.

• DJ@CRIMESANDTREASONS.COM / CRIMESANDTREASONS.COM

OFF THE BEAT AND PATH

10PM-11PM, TALK / MUSIC

Host Issa Arrian, introduces you to his various interest through his unique lens. From news, pop culture, to sports, Issa will surely have an interesting take, that is undeniable.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

URBAN MUTANT

12AM - 3AM, ELECTRONIC/EXPERIMENTAL/ART/WEIRD

Experimental Electronic. Haunting and Hypnagogic music from around the world and throughout time. Music of vague memories and stolen futures.

• MUTANTCAST@GMAIL.COM

Wednesday

DEMOCRACY NOW

6AM-7AM, NEWS/SPOKEN WORD

Democracy Now! produces a daily, global, independent news hour hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan González. Our reporting includes breaking daily news headlines and in-depth interviews with people on the front lines of the world's most pressing issues. On Democracy Now!, you'll hear a diversity of voices speaking for themselves, providing a unique and sometimes provocative perspective on global events.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

HARBINGER SHOWCASE

7AM-8AM, CURRENT AFFAIRS/SOCIAL JUSTICE / CULTURE

Weekly highlights from Canada's #1 coast-to-coast community of politically and socially

progressive podcasts including Alberta Advantage, The Breach Show, Tech Won't Save Us, Press Progress Sources & 55 more.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SUBURBAN JUNGLE

8AM-10AM, ECCLECTIC / POP

The Suburban Jungle is a music show focusing on funk, soul, dub, downtempo, electronica and other musical genres.

• DJ@JACKVELVET.NET

THE SHAKESPEARE SHOW

12PM-1PM, ECCLECTIC / EVERYTHING

Ecclectic, all different genres and eras

• DVHP@SHAW.CA

TRAINING TIME

ALTERNATING WED 1PM-2PM, CLASSICAL / JAZZ / ECCLECTIC

1 hour of radio devoted to teaching new programmers about the thrills of being on-air. Tune in to listen to CITR's newest talent!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

LA BONNE HEURE

ALTERNATING WED 1PM-2PM, ROCK / POP / WORLD

Valie interviews your favourite musicians! It's always a good time on La Bonne Heure - chatting about inspirations and concerts.

Guests include: The Wombats, Men I Trust, Peach Pit & more!

• VALIEMADE@SKA@GMAIL.COM

LEENIN WITH JEFF

2PM-3PM, CHILLING/TALK

If you have time to lean you have time to clean.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

COME FROM THE MOUNTAIN

WED 3PM-4PM, SPELLS / WATER / TOOL

the show that doesn't happen on a physical mountain, but it does happen in the mountains of your mind.

• ARTCOORDINATORS@CITR.CA

THE REEL WHIRLED

ALTERNATING WED 4PM-5PM, FILM

"The official show of the UBC Film Society. "The Reel Whirled" is a show made by and for film buffs! Hosted by Lily Grove, this show will provide you with your weekly dose of cinematic goodness.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

ART BEAT

5PM-6:30PM, ART / CULTURE / DISCUSSION

The Arts Report, run by CITR's Arts Collective, focuses on arts and culture in so-called "Vancouver" (and beyond!). Blending reviews, interviews, songs and playful banter, the Arts Report connects listeners to the arts community that CITR is part of.

• ARTS@CITR.CA

KAFU MUZIK

ALTERNATING WED 6PM-7PM, FRANCO-PHONE / MUSIC

Discover the music of the Francophone World - from Canada to Vietnam. At Kafou Muzik languages, rhythms, and genres of five continents intersect. Produced in collaboration with UBC's Centre de la Francophonie.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

VISUAL MEDIA

ALTERNATING WEDS 7PM-8PM, VISUAL / MEDIA

TBA

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SONIC SPILL

ALTERNATING MON 8PM-9PM, LEAKS / FLOODS / SOUNDS

Someone better have brought a mop.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

CITR RADIO ALLSORTS

ALTERNATING WEDS 8PM-9PM, ECCLECTIC

TBA

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SAMSQUANTCH'S HIDEAWAY

ALTERNATING WED 6:30PM-8PM, ROCK / POP / INDIE

If you're into 90's nostalgia, Anita B's the DJ you for. Don't miss her spins, every Wednesday.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

JCHILLIN

9PM-11PM, TALK/PUNK/RAP/ART

#freeJchillin' ur fav cult classic r*dio show// nothing happens on this show we just chill literally just shoot the sh/t and listen to music we also we have sick guests n live performances . ONE LOVE . we play everything!!!

• NICKMONIZ@LIVE.CA

AFTN SOCCER SHOW

11PM-1PM, SPORTS / CULTURE / DISCUSSION

A weekly soccer discussion show centered around Vancouver Whitecaps and the game in BC. Established in 2013, it is the longest running English-speaking soccer podcast in Canada.

• AFTNCANAD@HOTMAIL.COM

Thursday

IN SEARCH OF LOST VENUES

ALTERNATING THURS 8AM-9AM, WEIRD CULTURE/LOCAL MUSIC HISTORY

Memories of Vancouver live music venues which no longer exist from the local musicians who played there. Each episode is a walk through a neighbourhood.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

VAZHADHA VAZHKAI

7AM-8AM, TALK / WORLD / DISCUSSION

The primary focus of the show is to discuss different aspects of Tamil culture and how certain changes can help maintain it. Ultimately, these changes can help prevent cultural loss.

• VAZHADHAVAZHKAIGMAIL.COM

HORNY MUSIC

9AM-10AM, MUSIC / HORNS / ECCLECTIC

Spreading the love for songs with horns in (brass and sax) linked by a different theme each week. Get ready for some aural pleasure.

• HORNYMUSICSHOW@GMAIL.COM

CYPHER

10AM-11AM, HIP-HOP/RAP/SOUL

Cypher explores Hip-Hop and the beauty of the Genre specifically in the 90's. Hip-hop is founded on the four elements of DJing, MCing, Breaking, and Graffitiing, which come together to form an entire culture and community.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

WORKING GIRL BLUEGRASS & BLUES

11AM-12PM, BLUEGRASS/BLUES

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

DUNCAN'S DONUTS

12PM-1PM, ROCK/POP/EXPERIMENTAL

Sweet treats from the pop underground, since 2006. Hosted by Duncan, fuelled by donuts. "You don't have to be a pro to be on the radio"

• DUNCANSDONUTS@GMAIL.COM

WHAT'S IN THE HAT

MONTHLY THURS 1PM-2PM, CULTURE / COMEDY / DISCUSSION

Catch What's in the Hat?, where people with disabilities lead lively games and deep conversations. Each episode offers refreshing takes to some of life's biggest questions. Tune in for genuine moments and unexpected surprises!

• HANNAH.NOLAN@POSABILITIES.CA

HAIL! DISCORDIA!

MONTHLY 1PM-2PM, ART / CULTURE / DISORDER

Hail! Discordia! is an audio translation of Discorder Magazine. Every third Thursday Izzy and Zoie spend an hour covering themes/submissions from the recent Disorder publication.

• ISABELLE.WHITTALL3@gmail.com

SLIMEWIRE

2PM-3PM, WEIRD / ECCLECTIC / LGBTQIA2+

GLOBAL SLIME SYNDICATE MASQUERADING AS RADIO PROGRAMMING. TRAVEL WITH US TO THE VERY FRONTIER OF AURAL CONSCIOUSNESS. PLAYING EVERY PIECE OF MUSIC EVER WRITTEN.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

BORDERS & BLASTBEATS

ALTERNATING THU 4PM-5PM, BORDERS / BLASTBEATS

probably loves metal and hates ICE.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

AZZUCAR MORENA

ALTERNATING THU 7PM-8PM, MUSIC / TALK

Latin culture, migrant experiences, artist support and music.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

ANALOG GEMATRIA

ALTERNATING THU 7PM-8PM, ECCLECTIC
gematria is the practice of assigning numerical values to words- probably developed by ancient greeks, much as a playlist consists of each of its parts (a song), each letter of these words have meaning unto themselves in gematrial calculations.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

CROWD FLIP

MONTHLY THUR 8PM-9PM, INDIE / ROCK / QUEER

Crowd Flip is both a talk and music show that began by exploring musicology theory through a critical lens of gender theory and history.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

THE MIXSOUP

MONTHLY THUR 8PM-9PM, ELECTRONIC / EXPERIMENTAL / REGIONAL

Dune presents a monthly music show inspired by his travels - The Mixsoup, a healthy broth for your ear bones. The Mixsoup is a journey through space, genre and time, featuring artists from independent music scenes from around the globe.

• DAVID@DUNEASDUNE.BE

PANDORA'S BOX

MONTHLY THUR 8PM-9PM, MEDIA / CULTURE / MYTHOLOGY

Come with us as we dive into mythologies & folktales from around the world, and unbox their unexpected connections with contemporary art, music media and cultural phenomena!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

ATTIC JAMS

MONTHLY THUR 8PM-9PM, EVERYTHING

Attic Jams unearths an eclectic treasure trove of sounds-vintage gems, hidden grooves, and unexpected beats. A genre-blurring journey through music's attic.

• SARA_C@SHAW.CA

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL

9PM-11PM, ROCK/POP/PUNK

Thunderbird Radio Hell features live band(s) every week performing in the comfort of the CITR lounge. Most are from Vancouver, but sometimes bands from across the country and around the world are nice enough to drop by to say hi.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

COPY/P

CITR 101.9 FM + Discorder Magazine

FUN DRIVE 2020

Feb 26 - Mar 6

FINALE PARTY

MARCH 6

DI LEA
INNERWOLFIES
DJ TRUSTWORTHY

KARAOKE!

THE PAINTED SHIP * FREE ENTRY * 8PM

UPCOMING SHOWS



SOLD OUT

MON FEB 23

CAT POWER

Commodore Ballroom

SAT FEB 28

ROMARE DJ SET

Hollywood Theatre

LOW TIX

MON MAR 2

SPILL TAB

Fox Cabaret

SAT MAR 7

ANDRE POWER

The Pearl

WED MAR 11

INDIGO DE SOUZA

Hollywood Theatre

MON MAR 23

RUNO PLUM

Fox Cabaret

MON MAR 23

TUNE-YARDS

Hollywood Theatre

TUE MAR 24

DREAM, IVORY

Wise Hall

LOW TIX

MON MAR 30

EVAN HONER

Commodore Ballroom

SAT APR 4

COBRAH

Midway (Edmonton)

SOLD OUT

SAT APR 4

MIND ENTERPRISES

Fortune Sound

SUN APR 5

COBRAH

Palace Theatre (Calgary)

MON APR 6

LEXA GATES

Hollywood Theatre

TICKETS & MORE SHOWS: TIMBRECONCERTS.COM

INDIGO DE SOUZA



FRI APR 10

COURTNEY MARIE ANDREWS

Biltmore Cabaret

FRI APR 10

SNAKEHIPS

The Pearl